UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 079 646 6

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

POEMS

BY

GEORGE RICHARDS, M. A.

LATE FELLOW OF ORIEL COLLEGE.

VOL. II.

OXFORD;

At the Univerſity Preſs, for the Author:

And ſold by HANWELL and PARKER; and CADELL and DAVIES, Strand, London.

1804.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/poemsrichards02richiala

PR
5225
R38A17
v.2

ODES.

824788

TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. WILLIAM BENWELL, M. A.

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD,

WHO IN THE RARE UNION OF

GENIUS, TASTE, AND ERUDITION,

WAS SELDOM EQUALLED,

AND IN THOSE PURE AND AMIABLE QUALITIES,

WHICH CONSTITUTE THE PERFECTION

OF THE

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER,

WAS NEVER PERHAPS EXCELLED,

THE FOLLOWING ODES,

AS A MELANCHOLY MEMORIAL OF

DEPARTED FRIENDSHIP,

ARE INSCRIBED.

ODES.

ODE I.

THE BATTLE.

GALLANT Warriors! ſo your ſires,
Of yore by Deva's wizard flood,
Rous'd to fury by our lyres,
Embattled on the mountains ſtood.
The falchions, now that glittering riſe,
Shone at your father's ſinewy thighs:
Each ſpear has pierc'd a haughty foe;
Each axe has laid a Roman low:
On, warriors, on: from Kilda's ſky
Hither the famiſh'd eagles fly:
Yonder darkſome clouds behind

Joyous Heſus ſnuffs the wind
To taſte the tainted gales, that bear
Fumes of blood along the air.
Toſs the flaming torches high;
Bid the ſcythed chariots fly;
Lo! your fires' ſhades aſcending point the way;
Mador and Hoel call you to your prey;
And Taranis from high in thunder gives the day.

2.

So ſang the Bards, while warrior-forms
With aſpects fierce and furious ſtrides,
Ruſh'd midſt the darkly-rolling ſtorms,
That gird Helvellin's craggy ſides.
Torches wildly hurl'd in air
Caſt o'er the rocks a lurid glare.
Affrighted Skiddaw heard from far
The thunder of the ſcythed car.
Struck with momentary dread,

The haughty Roman bow'd the head;
Till Britiſh rage began to fall:
Then on his turning foes
With firm rekindled fury roſe,
And rear'd the mighty arm, that tam'd this nether ball.

3.

The Bards perceiv'd the yielding throng,
And quick reſum'd their magic ſong:
By your fathers' warrior ſhades;
By ancient Mona's holy glades;
By Cambria's rocks, that ſtream'd of yore
With many a conqueror Roman's gore;
By each car and flaming brand,
That drove bold Julius from our ſtrand,
Turn; and bluſhing fear to fly;
Revere your kind, and dare to die.
For ah! the captive's mournful fate!
To ſwell the pomp that marks his ſhame;

To knee the chief his ſoul muſt hate,
And hear, while cowards blaſt his name.
With downcaſt eyes,
And mutter'd ſighs,
In nature's deſperate agonies,
Bound by th' ignoble throng,
Sullen to move along,
The ſport or pity of an abject throng:
Happier they, who to the ſtrife
Ruſh, nobly prodigal of life.
The ſoul ſhall quit the ſtiffening clay,
And mounting ſeek a brighter ſphere,
In warlike ſports with Heſus play,
And Hoel's magic numbers hear:
Then again in earthly mould
Shall Snowden's forked peaks behold;
Again through legions ſcatter death;
Again for freedom pour its breath.

Life is but a middle ſpace,
In endleſs being's circling race,
And in battle to expire
Speaks the ſoul of heavenly fire.

Fierce as the ſtorm on Cader's brow,
The Britons burſt upon the foe:
And they, whoſe eagle high diſplay'd
Caſt o'er the vanquiſh'd world its ſhade,
Now flying ſhun the Britiſh ſpear,
And dew their mails for ſhame with many a burning tear.

Touch'd with glory's noble fire,
The Bards to triumph ſtrike their lyre.
Souls of heroes nobly ſlain,
Fighting for your native plain;
Sons of war, who bravely ſped,

Boadicea at your head;
Behold, the haughty Roman dies,
To Britain's gods a ſacrifice.
On Skiddaw's ſummit, mid the ſkies,
See the blazing pile ariſe:
O'er the mountains dark in night
Widely ſtreams the glorious light.
Woods and hollow rocks and vales
Echo to the victim's wails;
Lo! wild Lodore her thundering torrent ſtills,
And hears the diſtant groan roll down the midnight hills.

But why, O why on Britiſh land
Should Britons wait the hoſtile band?
Spirit of Brennus, come
From out thy warlike tomb,
And guide our legions to imperial Rome.

Thou on the Heſperian ſhore
Waſt thundering ſeen of yore;
Thy conquering falchion ſtream'd with Roman gore.
Again we ſpeed, again we ſweep
With daſhing oar the ſounding deep;
Our barks ſhall fill their hoſtile bays;
Our ſcythed chariots ſhake their public ways;
And o'er their ſeven proud hills our waving torches blaze.

The warriors catch the patriot-lays,
And wildly ſtrike their ſounding ſhields,
Around in pride of triumph gaze,
And point with ſinewy arm Heſperia's ſouthern fields.
But ah! how chang'd is all the ſcene,
When on his ſable ſhield,
Slow borne along the field,
The youthful Morcar's corſe is ſeen!

In alter'd meaſures ſoft and ſlow,
The minſtrels melt the heart of woe.

How beauteous heaves the warrior's grave!
For there ſhall mildeſt ſunſhine beam;
And there the talleſt graſs ſhall wave,
And there the pureſt fountain ſtream.

No more beneath the morning ſun
With dazzling helm, in nature's pride,
Shall Morcar from the mountain run,
His falchion glittering at his ſide.

Near yonder brook ſhall reſt his bones,
The gory axe beſide him laid;
The ſpot be mark'd by moſſy ſtones,
And tears of warriors ſoothe his ſhade.

While Morna's maid, to grief reſign'd,
When tempeſts veil the moon on high,
Shall hear his voice amidſt the wind,
And ſee his ſpirit gliding by.

With bending forms the mournful chieftains ſtand,
And, fixing on the corſe their eye,
Muſe ſad on frail mortality,
While ſofteſt ſorrow melts the ſympathetic band.
The Bards behold the warrior's breaſt
With unbeſeeming grief oppreſs'd,
And ſudden in triumphant ſtrain
Strike the kindling lyre again.
Morcar, warriors, is not dead;
He again ſhall rear his head,
Lift the axe, and dye with blood
Wide Sabrina's ſandy flood.
For long as Cambria's ſtreams ſhall run

Sparkling to the golden ſun,
Through warrior-forms, from frame to frame,
The ſoul ſhall deathleſs ſhift its flame.
We, the Bards, again ſhall ſleep,
Cader, on thy cloud-capt ſteep;
Again, enſhrin'd in mortal forms,
Sing midſt Glyder's mountain-ſtorms.
Ye, to wilds and deſerts fled,
Who make the flinty rock your bed,
Again ſhall live; again ſhall bear
Your ſtreaming pendant through the air:
Freedom at your ſide ſhall ſtand,
And glory lead your conquering band.
The unbounded main is all our own:
I gaze, I gaze, through worlds unknown,
O'er which, in dark futurity,
Pierc'd but by Bards, the ſhadows lie.
Lo! every ſtar, that cheers the night,

On Albion's mighty empire caſts its light;
Or when it pales at dawn its ſetting beams,
Or o'er the miſty wave in orient beauty gleams.

They ſang: and rapture brighten'd every eye;
With pealing plaudits rang the vaulted ſky;
The warrior-hoſt retires
To crown the mountain tops with ſacrificial fires.

ODE II.

TINTERN ABBEY;

OR,

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

FROM Cambrian vales and mountains wild,
A minſtrel, nature's wandering child,
Laid on the rock his harp, and view'd
Vaga's romantic ſolitude.
Still is the air, and huſh'd the wood;
In ſoothing ſilence creeps the flood:
And evening calms with golden gleam
The hoary rocks and glittering ſtream.
Dark ſhadowy elms beneath embower
The cloiſters and high-fretted tower

Of lonely Tintern: tapers bright
Through lofty windows pour their light;
And, rais'd by chaunting quires, a ſound
Celeſtial ſpreads a charm around.

As one, whom Inſpiration fires,
The raptur'd minſtrel ſtruck his wires.

Holy men, your anthems ſing;
High your fragrant cenſers ſwing;
Round each cliff and ſilent dell
Bid the ſolemn organ ſwell;
And give to God your lonely hours,
Midſt rocks and ſtreams, and awful bowers.
No proudly banner'd hoſt your gate
Pours forth in formidable ſtate.
No files, with blood-beſprinkled veſt,
Shake o'er your battlements their creſt:

But ſilence, friend of holineſs
And virtue, keeps the calm receſs:
Save oft, when mournful gales, that ſweep
With hollow moans the cavern'd ſteep,
Or diſtant waves, with ſoften'd roar,
That flowing beat the rocks and ſhore,
To ſolemn muſings lull the heart,
And more than mortal thoughts impart.

Holy men, though wedded mate
Never greet you at the gate;
Though babes nor round your board be ſpread,
Nor liſp beſide your morning bed;
Yet ne'er from you midſt human woes
The tear in bitter anguiſh flows;
You never watch, while day by day
A fading conſort waſtes away;
Nor lay in conſecrated earth

The ſon who cheer'd your evening hearth;
Nor mourn an injur'd daughter's ſhame,
With tearleſs grief, that ſhakes the frame:
But heavenly thoughts becalm the breaſt;
Religion ſoothes the ſoul to reſt;
And oft for you the chaunted pray'r
Sounds through the ſilent liſtening air;
And oft for you to ſtarry ſkies
The loud hoſannas pealing riſe;
While woods and echoing rocks proclaim
The great Creator's hymned name.
When tapers round ſome martyr's tomb
The lofty-vaulted fane illume,
Your lifted hands in prayer are ſpread,
To win from pain the fainted dead.
Oft at your Pembroke's tomb you bend,
And warm your grateful prayers aſcend,
That he, who bade your wanderings ceaſe,
May know in heaven an angel's peace.

Ye warriors, who on Sion's brow
Fell'd the vaunting Paynim foe;
Or, ſhaking Acon's turrets, pour'd
The fury of the Britiſh ſword:
Here, in the quiet cell reclin'd,
Shelter from war's wild labours find;
The toilſome march, the unwholſome fare,
The fiery ſand, the tainted air,
With all beſide malignant found,
From Pontus to Egyptian ground.
Here, amid ſoothing ſolitude,
In vales romantic, ſilent, rude,
Religion, ſhrin'd in holy walls,
And watching every bead that falls,
Shall wean the beating heart from pain,
Shall ſtill the wild tumultuous vein,
Shall ſpread around the faded face
Her holy calm, her ſolemn grace,

And touch the ſoul with heavenly fires
Midſt echoing iſles and raptur'd quires.

O Wye, who wandering dark below
The towery cliff's projecting brow,
Behold'ſt the noontide ſhadows ſweep
The woods that veil the ſunny ſteep;
By winter moons though Bards of yore,
Roaming thy wild reſounding ſhore,
Sung to the warrior's fancied ghoſts
Of foemen ſlain on Camber's coaſts,
Whoſe bones are ſpread o'er Clyder's ſide;
Whoſe blood hath crimſon'd Yſtwith's tide;
Yet holier ſounds, and ſcenes divine,
O Wye, O hallow'd Wye, are thine;
Thy banks by holy men are trod,
Who muſe in ſilent hour on God.
The taper'd temple's midnight gleam

Glitters along thy trembling ſtream :
O'er eaſtern cliffs, embrown'd in night,
The riſing moon with ſoften'd light
Falls mellowing down the hoary pile,
And ſtreams along the pillar'd iſle.
And he, who from Briſtowa's ſprings
Up to yon high caſtle brings
What from far climes, of rich and rare,
Antwerp's princely merchants bear,
Between thy woods, and wild rocks hoar,
Reclining reſts his lifted oar,
And hears from quires to rapture given
The matin ſong aſcend to heaven.

Adieu, ye holy men :—I go
To guilty crowds, and ſcenes of woe,
Yet oft, to ſilent virtue true,
Theſe warbling ſtrings ſhall ſound of you.

Ah! holy men, when o'er my grave
December's ſnowy whirlwinds rave,
May my harp, with rapture new,
Be ſtruck in happier worlds to you.

ODE III.

TO SPRING.

1.

LO! backward to the northern ſky
The ſtorms o'er Cumbrian mountains fly,
And fling their parting gloom profound:
While Spring from her celeſtial bowers,
Led by the ſweetly-ſmiling Hours,
Deſcends with roſeate garlands crown'd:
Before her ſhines the morning ſtar;
Gay Youth, a flowery-kirtled boy,
Sports at her ſide; while thron'd in fiery car
The Sun comes blazing forth, and fills the world with joy.

2.

When long hath rag'd the northern blaſt,
Sad miſts the deaden'd world o'ercaſt,
And wild the whirling ſnows have blown;
Each tender faint-appearing green,
Each flower with eager joy is ſeen,
On ſunny bank at random thrown:
Hail, early bloom, and budding ſpray,
And hills in purer light array'd;
Hail, nature's muſic wild, that cheers my way
From marge of winding ſtream, or venerable ſhade.

3.

Bear me, in morning's beauteous beams,
To meads and dells and glittering ſtreams;
Paſt is the winter's dreary tide:
Thy vales, O Iſis, I explore:
With whiten'd ſail, and ſparkling oar,
Between thy willow'd banks I glide;

Or mounting leave the cryſtal flood,
And gaze from ſome romantic ſteep
Wide plain, and hills remote, and vale, and wood,
Where cheering ſunſhine ſtreams, or paſſing ſhadows ſweep.

4.

Where is the heart that does not glow
Through being's varied tracts below?
Hark! thouſand cheerful carols ſound.
See joy illumes the aged cheek;
And lo! Diſeaſe, whom wan and weak
Winter in chamber-gloom had bound,
Comes forth at grateful noon of day,
Lifts to the ſun her faded eye,
Feels cheering o'er her frame the breezes play,
And gazes, touch'd with joy, the wide-expanded ſky.

5.

Smile on, ſweet tide; O bleſs the earth
With love, with harmony, with mirth,
As on the great creating morn:
When firſt the globe from darkneſs ſprung,
And radiant orbs in air were hung,
And man, great nature's lord, was born,
'Twas Spring, 'twas univerſal Spring:
She wanton'd wild in Paradiſe,
Nor ceas'd o'er hill and wooded vale to fling
Fragrance and bloom, and bleſs'd with golden light
the ſkies.

ODE IV.

TO SUMMER.

WHAT viſion in a flood of light
Burſts forth inſufferably bright?
" I am Summer: through the ſky
" See my golden treſſes fly;
" Tawny daughter of the ſun,
" Round the changeful globe I run.
" Fear not gloomy Winter's frown;
" Earth, air, and ſeas are all my own:
" When I breathe, and when I ſmile,
" The ſnowy whirlwind flies your iſle.
" Or ſhould a deepening ſtorm
" The alter'd noon deform,

" While terror o'er the darken'd landſcape reigns ;
" I caſt abroad my beams,
" Again the ſunſhine ſtreams ;
" The woods and valleys ring with ſweeter ſtrains,
" More balmy breathes the air, more verdant ſmile
" the plains.

2.

" From where the ſwarthy ſavage bands
" Baſk on Afric's fiery ſands ;
" From where the ſpicy foreſts riſe
" Midſt fiercer ſuns and burning ſkies ;
" I come with temper'd warmth to ſmile
" On this ſea-encircled iſle ;
" To charm the gales, to green the bowers,
" And ſweeten wood and wild with flowers ;
" And having with delightful ray
" Brighten'd many a beauteous day,
" I roam the lengthening main,

" And bleſs thoſe climes again,
" Where in the breeze the cool Bananas play;
" Where many a wooded ſteep
" Towers o'er the ſouthern deep;
" And the mild native, innocently gay,
" Sports in his light canoe, and dances life away.

3.

" 'Tis mine to bleſs the fruitful vales;
" With fragrance I enrich the gales;
" I bid the mellowing orchard ſhine;
" I purple o'er the cluſtering vine;
" I dart my rays, and deep below
" The gems within the mountains glow,
" I flame, and murmuring myriads ſtream,
" Peopling the prolific beam.
" And but for my effulgent ray,
" That darts intolerable day,
" The groves, that ſhadowy wave,

" The dim dew-dropping cave,
" Would no refreſhing charm to man ſupply;
" Who on the mountain's brow,
" While cooling breezes blow,
" O'er-arch'd by lofty branching elms would lie,
" Save when with noontide blaze I fill the burning
" ſky?

4.

" Hail, Britain, loveliеſt land, that gleams
" Beneath my all-enlivening beams.
" For though I breathe my hotteſt gales,
" And blaze unclouded on thy vales,
" Yet ſtill the fount its coolneſs flings,
" And ſtill the verdant herbage ſprings.
" What though I taint Egyptian earth,
" And give to Indian ſerpents birth,
" Here ſweets innoxious I diſpenſe,
" And but with pleaſure touch the ſenſe.

" Not Tempe's beauteous waves,
" Nor thoſe Sicilian caves,
" The Doric Bard's romantic haunts of yore,
" Are more my fond delight,
" Than Nuneham's elmy height,
" Or pleaſant Devon's fairy-peopled ſhore,
" Or where o'er Cambrian vales the ſhadowy moun-
" tains ſoar."

ODE V.

TO AUTUMN.

SWELL the carol, in the dance
Bid the twinkling feet advance;
Autumn rules the ſunny day,
Temper'd, grateful, bounteous, gay.
Bright her auburn treſſes ſhine,
Wreath'd by the purple cluſter'd vine;
And her horn in golden ſhowers
Odour-breathing fruitage pours.

Her's the bright unclouded noon;
Her's the mellow-beaming moon;

Her's the ſloping woodlands, dreſs'd
In their richeſt, gayeſt veſt;
Where on Wichwood's oak-clad height
Burſts the Morning's orient light,
Or Evening ſheds her golden gleam
O'er lonely Wye's romantic ſtream.

To thy ſhrine, thou general friend,
Grateful realms their offerings ſend.
For thee, where ſacred Ganges rolls,
The Cocoas ſwell their milky bowls;
For thee the bleſt Anana ſmiles
In Columbia's weſtern iſles;
Her ſpicy gales Arabia flings;
And Greece her attic Olive brings.

Loaded from her Orange groves
Heſperia to thy altar moves;

Afric ſends her palmy wine;
Gallia plucks the cluſter'd Vine;
While towering o'er the Atlantic deep
Britain from her airy ſteep,
Mingling with thy ſportive train,
Dedicates her golden Grain.

Bear me, ſmiling power ſerene,
Through the Alpine valleys green,
Where along the mountains gray
Roll the orient miſts away;
While blooming virgins, many a band,
In the glowing Vintage ſtand;
And, as the purple cluſters fall,
Chaunt their ſweeteſt madrigal.

Then beneath autumnal ſkies,
While the ſtag in terror flies,

Lead me, where with rival ſpeed
Britons urge the rapid ſteed;
On Cotſwold's airy upland wide,
Or majeſtic Malvern's ſide;
While Severn's virgin floods reſound
The muſic of the horn and hound.

Quickly vaniſh at thy view
Famine and her meagre crew;
Pale Want, Deſpair with deaden'd ſenſe,
And widely-waſting Peſtilence.
And lo! the roſy-boſom'd Hours,
Pointing to thy loaded bowers,
With Love and Pleaſure hand in hand
Lead laughing Plenty through the land.

ODE VI.

TO WINTER.

FAREWELL the ſweetly-vacant hour,
The Summer's idly-pleaſing day;
Farewell each light fantaſtic power,
That lifts the frolic ſpirits gay.
Stern Winter comes; his gloomy form
Lies ſhrouded in the gathering ſtorm.
He quits the cold Siberian clime,
And ſends through hollow woods his awful voice ſublime.

How dumb the tuneful kingdom lies!
All nature's face is darken'd, drear:

How frowns the earth! how lower the ſkies!
And joy and life deſert the year.
Unwilling comes the tardy day,
Unfelt the pale meridian ray;
Ev'n mighty ſtreams forget to flow;
And wide creation lies a deſert waſte of ſnow.

Now cheerleſs on the unſhelter'd head
The long, the darkening Night deſcends;
Now Miſery to her ſordid ſhed
Her melancholy footſteps bends.
There Winter lays his heavieſt hand,
Attended by a baleful band,
Pale Want, Diſeaſe, and pining Care,
And Solitude, and Gloom, and ſullen blank Deſpair.

Yet to the young enthuſiaſt's mind
Ev'n Winter wears a charm divine;

He loves the lowering eve; the wind,
That bends the lofty mountain-pine;
The ſnowy ſtorm, which whirlwinds bear
O'er deſerts through the troubled air;
The lofty tumbling torrent's roar;
And ocean's mighty wave, wild daſhing 'gainſt the ſhore.

In calm Reflection's ſober breaſt
Such ſcenes may awful thoughts infuſe;
And at the ſolemn hour of reſt
Philoſophy may wake and muſe;
May ponder ſad the human ſtate,
Ambition, Avarice, Envy, Hate;
The fleeting joy, the laſting pain,
And Fortune's changes dire, and Guilt's demoniac train.

But hark! the moralizing ſtrain
What ſweetly-ſolemn Bard began?
He mourns the deſolated plain,
Juſt emblem of declining man.
He mourns, in ſaddeſt ſong divine,
That vernal ſuns again ſhall ſhine,
And nature's works reviving bloom,
While Man, the lord of all, lies loſt within the tomb.

Sweet Bard, reject the unhallow'd lore;
To Atheiſts leave the gloomy lay;
Another Spring can but reſtore
What the laſt Summer ſtole away.
No brighter blooms ſhall deck the vale;
No purer ſweets enrich the gale:
Not ſo immortal man ſhall riſe
With higher glory grac'd, and fix'd in happier ſkies.

ODE VII.

THE FAIR PILGRIM;

OR,

THE FATHER'S FAREWELL.

WHEN to-morrow's morning ſtar
Leads on the proud day's fiery car,
For orient climes, and Syrian vales,
Holy Morva, ſpread thy ſails.
Many a ſummer ſun ſhall ſhine
Beauteous on the reddening vine,
Ere again by Menai's ſtreams
Saints inſpire thy golden dreams;
Or thy matin ſongs reſound
Bangor's echoing iſles around.

Go to Sion's diſtant mount;
Go to Siloa's ſacred fount:
Wander where thy Saviour trod,
And fill thy glowing ſoul with God:
View the croſs on which he died;
Touch the ſpear that pierc'd his ſide;
And from thy viſionary mind,
To high cherubic thought refin'd,
The idle world ſhall diſappear,
And God alone inhabit there.

Where the dreary waſte expands,
Where burn the deſert's fiery ſands,
Far from valleys breathing balm,
Far from hills o'erhung with palm,
The ſcrip around thy ſhoulder flung,
The pearly ſcallops round thee hung,
With Pilgrim's ſtaff thy footſteps bend;

And great Jehovah be thy friend.
He his healing wings ſhall ſpread
O'er thy conſecrated head;
On the wild Atlantic deep
Shall cloſe thy dewy lids in ſleep;
From thy trembling virgin heart
Shall turn the Pagan Arab's dart;
Shall bid far off his angel bear
Egypt's peſtilential air;
And when from Jordan's thickets deep
Tigers ſpring upon thy ſleep,
Shall bid the famiſh'd monſters ſtay
Their rage, and harmleſs round thee play.

Where'er the wandering planets ſhine,
Be all the ſweets of nature thine.
May morning ſuns, aſcending bright
O'er Lebanon, inſpire delight:

At noon on attic ſteeps repoſe
From thymy clefts where honey flows;
Or ſleep, by cool Meander laid,
Beneath the fragrant almond's ſhade:
Or roam the aromatic bowers
Of Arab, after evening ſhowers;
While the great ſun, deſcending down,
Illumes far off ſome tower'd town.

Chief may the genius of the clime,
Converſing with departed time,
Celeſtial phantaſies unfold
Of highly-gifted ſeers of old.
The hills with holy fancies teem:
Viſions hallow every ſtream:
There deſcending ſpirits trod,
There our fathers walk'd with God.
Thou each eve wilt lay thy head

On ſome old patriarch's rocky bed,
Whoſe ſpirit may in dreams appear,
And breathe high truths into thine ear:
At Paron, or by Chebar's flood,
Or where Sidonian Zaraph ſtood;
Where Moria lifts her ſummits, crown'd
By Salem, far o'er earth renown'd;
Or Zoar, ſpar'd to Lot of yore,
Saw heaven its fiery deluge pour.
Thy breaſt with ſolemn thoughts to ſtill,
Speed to Bethlem's holy hill,
Where upon the darken'd ground
The glory of the Lord ſhone round,
And, brighter than the ſtar of morn,
Angels hymn'd the Saviour born.
And by the ſoft moon's ſilver beam
Wander near the hallow'd ſtream,

Where the patriarch Jacob lay,
And ſaw bright angels wing their way,
Paſſing through the middle ſkies;
And, having heaven before his eyes,
Heard the voice of God in air
Prophetic his high will declare.

And when on Sion's ſacred brow
At Mary's holy ſhrine you bow,
Remember her, who gave thee breath,
And win by prayer her peace in death.

In youth, my child, I fought the foe,
Under Hermon's dewy brow;
And by a cooling fountain's head
Laid a haughty Paynim dead.
A towering cedar marks the place;

Seek the hill, the fountain trace,
And, leaning on the aged tree,
Holy Morva, think on me.

For thee thy watchful fire will pray
At early morn and ſetting day;
And oft will mount the cliff, and gaze
Towards the glorious eaſtern blaze,
When the great ſun from out the deep
Comes flaming up the ethereal ſteep,
And bright his orient beams are ſhed
O'er my lovely Morva's head.
Amidſt my lonely hours below,
'Twill eaſe my breaſt, 'twill ſoothe my woe,
To think, that God delighted views
The holy path my child purſues;
To think, that thou wilt dying riſe
A ſainted ſoul to Paradiſe;

That angel-quires with harp will wait
To hymn thee in at heaven's gate;
And thy great Maker's glorious beam
Full on thy entering ſpirit ſtream.

ODE VIII.

TO ENVY.

FROM thy dark cavern, where alone
Sick with the ſound of others' fame,
And diſcontented with thine own,
Thou murmur'ſt o'er thy waſted frame;
Malignant fiend, to mortals given,
By dæmons, in deſpite of heaven,
Come forth, and ſhew to the revealing ſun
Thy form, which all ſhould ſee, that all who ſee may
ſhun.

2.

Hear, while the generous lay I ſound,
To meek retiring Virtue due;

Gaze, while through crowds applauding round
I lead yon bluſhing youth to view:
'Twill cauſe the uneaſy frequent ſtart;
'Twill pale thy cheek, and wring thy heart:
'Tis fit thou feel, for thou doſt love to wring
Keen pangs from noble breaſts, by thy envenom'd ſting.

3.

The deeds, which generous minds lament,
The frailties of the good and great,
Give to thy jaundic'd foul content:
Their virtues only move thy hate.
Forward I ſee thee eager bend
To learn their fall, or mark their end:
Away, miſhapen monſter, nor profane
With thy unhallow'd ſtep great Virtue's awful fane.

4.

Ah! give at leaſt a ſhort repoſe:
Be to yon child of genius kind.

Novice in fame, he thrilling glows,
And warmly feels for human kind.
The world to him is Paradiſe:
Hope onward pointing bids him riſe:
On tiptoe wild he ſtands; O let him fly
Uncheck'd on eagle-wings beneath a morning ſky.

5.

In vain I plead: before his hour
Ere ſtern Misfortune aims her dart,
Thy whiſper makes his brow to lower,
Thy gloomy preſence chills his heart.
See him in cheerleſs mood reſign
The ſocial glow, the aim divine;
Lo! prowling near I cold Indifference ſpy,
And Hate, and dark Miſtruſt, and ſtern Miſanthropy.

6.

At leaſt the agents of thy arts,
Our nature's torment and diſgrace,

Take from our kind's ignobler parts,
The dull, the ſelfiſh, and the baſe.
Ah! never to thy fell controul,
Dark ſpirit, bow the noble ſoul;
Periſh the wretch, who, rais'd on high to fame,
Can hate congenial worth, or blaſt a rival name.

ODE IX.

THE

CAPTIVITY OF CARACTACUS.

BENEATH the Roman eagle's ſhade,
Siluria's captive Prince was laid,
Silent, and ſtill, and ſtern; the conqueror foe
Shook at the ſavage firmneſs of his brow.
While plough'd the bark its watery way,
Sublime on Dover's towering height,
The Bards in robes of radiant white,
With harps that glitter'd to the day,
Pour'd o'er the billowy main
Their ſoul-inſpiring ſtrain:

Catch, O Rome, in ſwelling ſails
Fickle Fortune's favouring gales;
Flutter in thy ſunny noon:
Night and ſtorms will gather ſoon.
Ev'n now o'er foreſts gloomy, joyleſs, rude,
Mid ſavage wolves, and winter's famiſh'd brood,
The deepening tempeſt darkly lowers;
'Twill burſt, 'twill burſt, on Cæſar's bowers,
And deluge Tiber's vale, and ſhatter Rome's high towers.

There a race of noble kind
On the frozen ſtreams reclin'd,
Slumber mid their polar night;
There fleeter than the winter wind,
On oſier targes light
Shoot from the ſnowy height;
There rapid ſkim on gliding ſled,

The ſolid ocean's glaſſy bed;
There from the promontory's hanging ſteep
Plunge, like a meteor, to the briny deep.

From cold Carpathian ſummits hoar;
From pale Meotis' miſty ſhore;
From ſhaded Dacia's mountain tracts,
And rocks engulph'd by cataracts;
From polar gales that keener blow,
Edg'd by bleak Riphean ſnow;
Dark frowning direly grim, of giant ſize,
Who towering ſeem to leave behind
The ſtature of the human kind,
Wild as their ſtorms, and hardy as their ſkies,
They ruſh—they kindle at the ſound
Of injur'd kingdoms groaning round;
As with the bolt of Taranis, from high
They ſtrike affrighted tyranny;

They fill the mighty capital:
And, rais'd aloft on her imperial wall,
Revenge on haughty Rome CARACTACUS's fall.

Rejoice, illuſtrious Chief, rejoice;
Confide in our prophetic voice.
Upon our raviſh'd ſight
Ruſh the wild horrors of the fatal night,
And fill us with a grim delight.
Nature in a tone divine
Gives the dreadly warning ſign:
The floods ariſe: they rage; they ſwell;
And blaſted realms their fatal fury tell.
Dreadly reels the ſolid ground;
Loud fall the tower'd towns renown'd:
From hollow caves and mountains rent,
Hark! a warning voice is ſent.
Shooting through the midnight air

Shapes of fighting warriors glare;
And drops of ſanguine hue diſtil
O'er the Capitolian hill.
To thee, to thee, devoted Rome,
Preſageful nature calls, and ſternly tells thy doom.

Riſe, ye gods, who rule the north,
Riſe, and ruſh in vengeance forth.
They riſe; they come;
To haughty Rome
They wing their furious flight; they bear
The ſable raven through the air.
Odin on the fated town
Caſts a wild vindictive frown:
Thor in formidable ſtate
Thunders at the maſſy gate:
While Gondula o'er tower and temple high
In vengeful fury waves the ſword of deſtiny.

Such was the lofty ſtrain
That o'er the billowy main,
Mix'd with the murmur of the ſhores,
And ſoothing ſound of daſhing oars,
On rapt Siluria's monarch ſtole,
And fill'd his mighty mind, and fortified his ſoul.
He thrill'd with raptures long unknown;
He triumph'd in the foe o'erthrown
By a congenial fate, and ruin like his own.

ODE X.

THE

HOSPITABLE INDIAN.

NOW to the genial heat of day
Flow the diſſolving ſnows away:
And hark! the ice, no longer bound,
Burſts on the lake with thundering ſound.

Stranger, ge;—but fear, ah! fear,
To penetrate the deſert drear.
Dark yon diſmal waters run
To a land that knows no ſun.
Chilling the unfruitful plains,
There the ice-moon conſtant reigns:

Long the way: thy youthful head
Time with hoary locks ſhall ſpread,
Ere again on Clowy's tide
Thy returning veſſel glide;
Or thy white ſail beauteous gleam,
Struck by morning's golden beam.
Acroſs yon world of waters ſtill,
Over yonder cloud-capt hill,
Lies the melancholy ſhore
Which Indians tremble to explore.
There beneath the gloomy ſteep
Lies the monſter of the deep;
Fearful ſhapes in horrid ranks
Stand upon the river's banks:
There the dreadful ſpirit dwells;
There he meditates his ſpells:
From the lonely mountain calls,
Lurks amidſt the waterfalls,

And beneath the whirlpool drear
O'erwhelms the nightly voyager.

Stranger, if an Indian's cave
No enjoyments for thee have;
Nor the meſhy net to throw;
Nor to chaſe the buffalo;
Go; but ah! forbear to roam:
Guide thy venturous veſſel home:
May he, who ſpeaks in thunders dread,
From Allegh'anny's gloomy head,
In the fearful midnight dark
O'er the great lake guide thy bark,
Till thy native mountains green
Beauteous o'er the waves are ſeen;
Till thou hear thy children's voice,
Till thy mother's heart rejoice,
And thy friend with gliſtening eye

Springs to thy arms in ecſtaſy.
May the ſpirit, who ſupplies
Golden ſuns and cloudleſs ſkies,
Lead thy ſteps, where beaſt or fowl
In the dark wood perch or prowl;
And bring the finny race to view,
Swarming round thy light canoe.

Stranger, thou ſhalt diſtant go,
Where thy native currents flow;
Where thy infant feet have ſtray'd;
Where thy father's bones are laid;
While, ſhelter'd from the winter wind,
The Indian in his cave reclin'd
Shall joy, that in a foreign land
He ſtretch'd his hoſpitable hand;
That to Tarno's calm retreat
He led thy weary wandering feet;

The ſacred feaſt of friendſhip ſpread;
Beneath thee ſtrew'd the leafy bed;
And, thy weary lids to cloſe,
Of the great ſpirit aſk'd repoſe.

ODE XI.

TO PROSPERITY.

O THOU, whoſe ſmiles thy favourites rue,
Thou foe in friendſhip's pleaſing guiſe,
Though Folly's croud with envy view
Thy wanton courſe through ſunny ſkies,
I ſee the dagger lurking lie
Beneath thy robe of Tyrian dye:
Lo! Vice allures thee to her demon train,
Then yields thee to Remorſe, to Folly, and to Pain.

2.

From thee retire Contentment mild,
Patience in anguiſh ſmiling calm,

Genius, through green woods warbling wild,
And Pity, dropping heavenly balm:
Thine Indolence of languid mien,
Ingratitude with arrows keen,
The ſelfiſh thought, the cold extinguiſh'd ſenſe,
The ſcowl of fell Diſdain, and coward Inſolence.

3.

Yet ſweet thy infant form deſcends:
The little joys above thee fly;
Exulting youth before thee bends
With burning cheek and gliſtening eye.
Laughter and Love from roſeate bowers
Dance forth, and lead the ſmiling Hours:
While Hope, indulging many a bliſsful dream,
Bids to the morning ſun her waving pinions gleam.

4.

Vain Goddeſs, ſhift the tranſient ſcene,
Shew where thy pamper'd minions lie,

With languid ſoul and cheerleſs mien,
A prey to torpid Apathy.
See the laſt joy of life expire,
Reft of its ſweeteſt charm, Deſire:
See exil'd Hope to other hearts repair,
And leave a liftleſs void more gloomy than Deſpair.

5.

Come then, but ah! in ſober ſtate,
By tranſient woes attended ſtill,
To awe the guileful fiends, that wait
To turn thy chaſteſt joys to ill.
The ſun muſt fade, the ſtars, the ſkies,
And Man a nobler creature riſe,
Ere yet uninjur'd to thy full controul,
Sweet parent of delight, he may reſign his ſoul.

ODE XII.

TO PEACE.

Written October 1801.

1.

O FOR that harp, whoſe rapturous ſtrain
Was heard on Bethlem's darken'd plain,
When angel-quires to mortal ſight
Their forms of pure celeſtial light
Unveil'd, inſufferably bright:
So ſhould numbers heavenly ſweet
Thy returning preſence greet,
Sweet Peace, ſweet ſtranger to Britannia's ſhore,
Delight of earth and heaven, whom men and ſaints adore.

2.

Whence, lovely ſpirit, was thy birth?
Thy ancient generation ſay;
For not within the bounds of earth
Didſt thou firſt behold the day.
Ere yet the light of morning ſhone,
Thine was the heaven of heavens, and God's eternal throne.
The brighteſt ſpirits of the ſky
But in thy preſence know delight;
Order, thy beauteous child, on high
Directs the radiant orbs of night.
When round this riſing globe the ſun
Began his glorious courſe to run,
To thee the new domain was given,
'Twas Paradiſe, and earth was beautiful as heaven.

3.

Dark was the hour,
And dreadly did the tempeſt lower,

When frowning from his blood-ſtain'd car
In fury ruſh'd the God of war.
Before him hill and valley ſmil'd;
Behind there lay a waſted wild;
And Death was near him ſeen,
And Horor's wild and ghaſtly mien,
And Vengeance pouring round her arrows keen.
Upon the nations, as he paſs'd,
He flung a withering look,
And as he blew the deadly blaſt,
High towers and ancient towns to their foundation
ſhook.

4.

Why war, O man? Though now no more
Tenant of Paradiſe thou rove
With angel gueſts the happy grove,
Yet earth's enchanting regions o'er
The ſovereign Maker ſtill beſtows

All things for joy and pure repoſe.
The globe with charm delightful made
Of hill and valley, plain and ſhade;
Round which in ſweet variety
The fancy-pleaſing ſeaſons fly;
The ſummer's breath, the ſun, the ſkies,
And clouds of fragrant ſweets that riſe,
And nature's warbled melodies;
Nor wants there Virtue's generous aim,
Nor Charity's celeſtial flame,
With warm Affection's tender ſenſe,
And Joy, ſweet child of Innocence,
To light the gliſtening eye, and thrill the ſwelling frame.

5.

Come then, O Peace; with many a ſigh,
With many a tear we ſaw thee fly,
Affrighted from our iſle;
Come, and while all around rejoice,

While nations lift the rapturous voice,
And bleſs thy beaming ſmile,
Beneath the olives that o'erſhade
The Poet's tranquil porch, O maid,
Reſt, while he ſings the glorious train,
Who led the van, or rul'd the main;
The chieftains, by divine command,
Who roſe to ſave a threaten'd land,
And back to Britain's happy ſhore,
With Conqueſt hand in hand, thee, beauteous ſpirit, bore.

ODE XIII.

THE

BIRTH OF THE THAMES.

" LISTEN from thy coral cells,
" Spirit of theſe hidden wells;
" Ope thy fountain, pour thy tide:
" Britain's Genius bids thee glide.
" Naiad, riſe at my command,
" And roll thy waters through the land."

So flow'd the ſtrain, when Britain's ſteep
Firſt tower'd above the billowy deep,
Ere Brute from far-fam'd Grecia bore
The Phrygian race to Albion's ſhore,

Or Corinæus grappling threw
From Cornwall's cliffs the giant crew.
Then blue-ey'd Spring, with wanton ſmile,
Firſt flung her roſes o'er our iſle,
And infant nature brightening lay
To the orient beam of day.
The Genius lov'd his new domain,
The ſloping hill, the ſpreading plain,
And the graſſy valley deep,
Winding beneath the hoary ſteep,
And wood, and diſtant mountain drear,
Soft colour'd by the atmoſphere.

But ah! as yet no fountain play'd;
No river through the valleys ſtray'd.
Quick flew the Genius o'er the land,
Took on each pleaſant hill his ſtand,
And wak'd the founts: they guſh; they glide;

A thouſand beauteous vales divide;
And, haſtening to the ſounding ſhore,
Mix with the world of waters hoar.
'Twas then Sabrina burſt to light
On Plinlimmon's cloud-capt height;
Then Eſk, and wooded Dart, and Teign
Through Devon ſought the ſouthern main;
Silent flow'd the paſtoral Trent;
And Medway lav'd the fields of Kent.

At length on Cotſwold's uplands wide
He to the Naiad ſuppliant cried:
She hears; and from a lofty ſteep,
That overhangs a valley deep,
Midſt tangled thickets wildly ſpread,
Beneath the waving aſhen ſhade,
Like cryſtal guſh'd the infant ſtreams,
Sparkling to the orient beams;

And from the high hill's cavern'd brow
Warbling melodious murmurs flow.

" From theſe dreary uplands rude,
" From this barren ſolitude,
" Go, noble Thames," the Genius cried,
" And through a brighter landſcape glide:
" Bathe the pleaſant Surryan ſhore,
" And Kent's delightful wilds explore,
" Through many a peaceful valley green
" Lead thy ſilent waves ſerene,
" Or entering the o'erſhadowing wood,
" Roll on with broad majeſtic flood,
" And picture on thy lucid breaſt
" The banks with waving umbrage dreſs'd.
" Oft on thy trembling tide ſhall play
" The blazing ſun's meridian ray;
" Oft ſhall the ſky's cerulean hue

" Tinge thy ſtream with tendereſt blue;
" And thy green banks ſhall ceaſeleſs ring
" With the ſweet harmony of ſpring.

" Lo, at my call, to grace thy ſtate,
" Tributary rivers wait;
" Windruſh leaves her foreſts brown,
" And Evenlode her airy down;
" With Glym, whoſe banks the Bard ſhall cheer,
" And Cherwell, to the Muſes dear.
" Southward, from fields of brighter day
" Kennet winds her ſilver way.
" Loddon, with oaken garlands dight,
" And Mole, who hates the cheerful light,
" And cryſtal Colne, and chalky Wey,
" And Darent's ſiſter, beauteous Cray:
" Theſe all their mingled waters join,
" And flow, imperial Thames, with thine.

" Then, as the ages roll away,
" Thy banks new glories ſhall diſplay;
" There bright ſhall gleam the frequent ſpire,
" Gilt by the ſun's deſcending fire:
" There giant caſtles from the ſteep
" Throw their broad ſhadows o'er thy deep;
" There tall umbrageous elms embower
" The quiet abbey's hoary tower:
" And as thy peaceful current roves
" Through ſolemn academic groves,
" Proud domes and lofty fanes on high
" Shall tower in awful majeſty.
" Thou leaving then thy rural reign,
" And mingled with the entering main,
" Shalt on thy margent's beauteous bend
" See London's crowded towers aſcend,
" And halls and palaces ariſe,
" And temples ruſh into the ſkies.

" There wafted on each entering tide
" The world's whole wealth on thee ſhall ride;
" And lofty navies quit thy ſhore,
" To rule the watery Neptune hoar.
" Meantime the Muſe ſhall grace thy name,
" Shall ſwell thy pomp, and ſpread thy fame
" Far as the rays of morning beam,
" And long as flows thy hallow'd ſtream."

ODE XIV.

Written in JULY 1803.

BRITONS, why with towering might,
Furious as the hurricane,
Ruſh ye to the deathful fight?—
'Tis for Albion's happy plain:
'Tis for that delightful iſle,
Where Nature wears her ſweeteſt ſmile:
Where wantoning in flowery vales
Play the odour-breathing gales:
Where with a mildly-temper'd ray
Shines the ſummer's beauteous day;
Where Health, the buxom maid, abides
On the upland's airy ſides,

While, tributes from the Atlantic main,
Eteſian breezes blow, and fan the fruitful plain.

2.

'Tis for Albion's rock-built ſeat,
Whoſe hills the darkſome foreſts crown;
Whoſe flocks in fleecy myriads bleat
O'er many a far-extended down.
Ripen'd by autumnal ſkies,
Rich her golden harveſts riſe:
While her loaded orchards gleam
Ruddy to the mellowing beam:
Burſting from a thouſand hills
Flow the plenty-giving rills:
Bright to the ſun her rivers ſhine,
The haunted Dee, Northumbrian Tyne,
Fam'd Severn's wide-expanded waves,
And Thames, whoſe entering ſtream renown'd Auguſta laves.

3.

'Tis for Albion's wealthy ſhores,
Whoſe fleets on every ocean ride,
To whom each region's richeſt ſtores
Are borne on every ſwelling tide.
There man, diſdaining ſtill to bow,
Freedom pictur'd on his brow,
And valour, native of his mind,
Moves the Lord of human kind.
While with luſtre half divine
Her love-inſpiring daughters ſhine
Beauteous as the fabled train
Of Venus on the Idalian plain,
Or thoſe ſweetly ſmiling powers,
The Houris, who repoſe in Eden's fancied bowers.

4.

'Tis for Albion, glorious power,
Where oft within the ſilent dell,

Rapturous in the inſpiring hour
The Muſe hath ſtruck her ſweeteſt ſhell:
Where divine Philoſophy
Hath commerc'd with the ſtarry ſky:
Where hung of old on Valour's thigh
The ſword of gorgeous chivalry:
Where infant HENRY pois'd the lance,
That won the lofty throne of France:
Where EDWARD to the wondering ſhore
Gallia's captive Monarch bore:
Where MARLBOROUGH roſe, the pride of war,
And ſtay'd in mid career Ambition's thundering car.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MATILDA.

I looked for ſome to have pity on me; but there was no man, neither found I any to comfort me.

PSALM lxix.

TO

THE QUEEN,

THIS POEM

IS,

WITH PERMISSION,

MOST HUMBLY DEDICATED

BY HER MAJESTY'S

MOST DUTIFUL SERVANT,

G. RICHARDS.

ORIEL COLL. OXFORD,
Jan. 18, 1795.

MATILDA;

OR,

THE DYING PENITENT.

LOST to the world, all human comfort fled,
And laid on Miſery's unfrequented bed;
Exhauſted Nature lingering out her laſt,
And buſy Memory aching at the paſt;
To thee, my ELLEN, known in happier hours,
When Fancy ſtrew'd my youthful path with flowers;
To thee MATILDA calls:—Aghaſt, forlorn,
By Hope, Deſpair, Remorſe, Contrition torn,
Friend of my opening life, to thee I fly;
I will but eaſe my burden'd heart, and die.

Ere the high ſun hath ſet, beating no more,
This heart may reſt, and all its pangs be o'er.
Submiſſive I await the awful blow:
Few were my days on earth, and full of woe.
Flow on, my tears: Ah! little did I dream,
When laſt we roam'd by Eden's ſilver ſtream,
That all my joys were o'er, that hope had fled,
And clouds of gathering woes my life o'erſpread.
Had ſome high ſpirit with preſages drear
Led my ſad ſoul through each eventful year,
And bade before the ſhuddering fancy riſe
My coming crimes, and long calamities;
Warm had I pray'd, in blooming beauty's glow
Down to the grave ſpotleſs and pure to go:
Then in a mother's arms I calm had died;
Then o'er my bier had bending kindred ſigh'd;
My ſoul, by angels led, had wing'd her flight
To happier worlds, and realms of heavenly light,

And beauteous, as the morning ſtar, had ſhone
Chaſte and unſullied round my Maker's throne.

Far other now, within this awful gloom,
Silent and cold and lonely as the tomb;
With hunger faint, and waſted by diſeaſe,
Life ebbing out by ſadly-ſlow degrees,
I paſs my melancholy hours: I tell
From eve to morn the ſlow-returning bell;
The poignant ſting of guilt torments my heart,
And pangs convulſive force the tear to ſtart.
No ſiſter's hand the healing draught prepares;
No mother ſoothes me, ſmiling midſt her cares:
Ev'n Death, who ſtills at length the throbbing breaſt,
And calls the wanderer of the world to reſt,
Though oft invok'd to ſtrike, ſuſpends the blow,
And leaves me lingering on midſt want and woe.

Oft hath this heart, by darkeſt woes oppreſs'd,
Sigh'd for the pangs that wrung my parents' breaſt.
'Twas their's the bitterneſs of grief to feel:
They ſaw my empty ſeat at morning meal:
They paſs'd my ſilent ſolitary door;
They walk'd at eve, but walk'd with me no more.
My voice on every hillock had been heard;
In each low dell my fancied form appear'd;
The wood, the grove, each haunt, each favourite tree
Roſe painful on the ſight, and told of me.

Hard is her lot, in early youth who ſtrays
Through error's thorny path and gloomy maze:
For her the diſtant friend forgets to moan:
Her, pale with ſorrow, parents bluſh to own:
For her, in ſecret, Pity heaves the ſigh,
But dares not wipe the tear that wets her eye.

The ſpotleſs Maiden bluſhes at her ſhame,
And Chaſtity with trembling hears her name.

Ah, happy friend, wherever fluſh'd with youth,
Beating with hope, and pure as heavenly truth,
The virgin train in beauty's opening charms
Beam all unconſcious of approaching harms;
Tell them from her, once innocent and gay,
Who joyleſs, hopeleſs pines her hours away:
Tell them from poor MATILDA's dying tongue—
On dying lips perſuaſion oft hath hung:
Though now unceaſing ſmiles the cheek diſplays,
Though fathers raptur'd on their beauty gaze,
Though golden ſlumbers ſoothe the tranquil night,
And the blithe morning calls to new delight;
Yet once let foul diſhonour's taint deſtroy
Their virgin fame, farewell to peace and joy:
Farewell the gliſtening eye, the unclouded brow,

The voice of friendſhip, and the ſocial glow.
Their hours in one long mournful courſe ſhall run;
In anguiſh ſhall they view the ſummer ſun:
Scenes of delight ſhall aggravate their woes;
And death, and only death, afford repoſe.

On that ſad day, when ſtrongly charm'd I ran
Far from a mother's arms to faithleſs man,
Ev'n then Contrition o'er my boſom ſtole,
And Melancholy chill'd my muſing ſoul:
I ſigh'd: I moan'd: I left with bitter tears
The hills and vales that bleſs'd my infant years.

Ev'n in the hour when Folly's charms were new,
When gay pavilions brightening met my view,
Though warbling ſyrens pour'd the witching ſound,
And Fancy ſmil'd, and all was fairy ground,
Yet Pleaſure palling ſicken'd at my heart;

And ſtruggling Honour forc'd the tear to ſtart :
I mourn'd my virtue's violated name ;
I mourn'd my kindred, tainted by my ſhame ;
I mourn'd the wreck of my immortal mind,
And that eternal peace I ne'er may find.

With ſhuddering dread my dying eyes I throw
Back on the dreary ſcenes of guilt and woe.
On the wide world a lonely wanderer caſt,
By every human form unheeded paſs'd ;
The indignant matron pointing at my ſhame ;
My preſence baleful to an honeſt name ;
Nature foregoing her maternal care,
And rendering up my heart to blank deſpair,
I ſprung, I flew to guilt's polluted cell ;
I dar'd misfortune, check'd the tear that fell,
Gave up all vain regret for earthly bliſs,
And plunging ſunk in ruin's dark abyſs.

Ye ſons of pleaſure, gaily borne along
Midſt Fancy's fairy walks and warbled ſong;
Ye thoughtleſs fair, who ſweep with ſilken train
To midnight ſhews and faſhion's brilliant fane;
Turn, pitying turn, where the poor female forms
Roam languid by, and ſhrink before the ſtorms;
Or lie all joyleſs on the chilling ſtones,
And breathe unheard their low deſpairing moans;
Or ſeek at dead of night the lonely ſhed,
Bow'd by fatigue, and deſtitute of bread;
And worn at length, like poor MATILDA, bend
Beneath their woes, and die without a friend.

How chang'd from her, who, oft as day declin'd,
Around her peaceful bower the woodbine twin'd;
Or warbling ſweet, to ſoothe a wearied ſire,
Touch'd to ſome tender tune her golden wire.

How bleſs'd the hours the ſpotleſs maiden knows!
To her the ſtream of life unruffled flows.
Domeſtic ſweets her blameleſs day beguile;
She wakes on every face the willing ſmile;
Sweet on her ear paternal bleſſings ſound;
Her artleſs mirth at morning meal goes round:
Stranger to guile, unbroken yet by woe,
Nor taught that ſorrow is our lot below,
She fondly hangs on Hope's enchanting themes,
And ſoothes her fancy with romantic dreams.

Ah, happy days, remember'd with a tear,
In abſence, in affliction, doubly dear;
Back to your charms how oft my fancy flew!
Each pictur'd ſcene ruſh'd glowing on the view.
Dear was the ſpot with peaceful foreſts ſpread,
Where lonely mountains lift their ſhadowy head,
Where glide the waters through ſequeſter'd plains,

And Solitude in awful grandeur reigns.
How oft I wiſh'd, with peace a ſtranger gueſt,
With ſolemn calm, and melancholy reſt,
To roam, to muſe among your gloomy glades,
To ſoothe my ſpirit in embowering ſhades,
On banks of ſolitary ſtreams to ſtray,
Veil'd by the peaceful gloom of parting day,
Or touch the harp, beneath the darkſome pine,
To ſome poor mourner's ſorrowings, ſad as mine!

Thou venerable pile, to pity dear,
Friend to diſtreſs, when not a friend is near;
O had I reſted in thy quiet cells!
There Peace hath fix'd her ſeat, there Virtue dwells.
Ah hark! 'tis Mercy lifts her voice, and calls:
"Come, hopeleſs wanderers, to theſe tranquil walls.
"Where'er ye roam, by dark Deſpondence preſs'd,
"Here is your home at laſt; O come, and reſt;

" Here guilt is known no more; here ſorrows ceaſe;
" Come, children of deſpair, and be at peace."
Like ſofteſt muſic to the liſtening ear
Flow the celeſtial ſounds; the hopeleſs hear;
They come; they melt in penitence; they pray;
They hear of heaven, and tread the glorious way.
Red o'er their cheeks repentant bluſhes glow,
And warm the tears of deep contrition flow:
Meek Modeſty her angel grace reſumes,
And Joy's returning light the face illumes:
Bright Hope diffuſes her celeſtial rays,
And Faith the gleam of opening heaven diſplays:
Deſcending ſpirits lend their guiding care,
Prompt every ſigh, and breathe in every prayer.
When ſacred ſongs the riſing boſom fire,
And glowing fervors all the ſoul inſpire,
Hymns of delight are harp'd by ſaints above,
And God himſelf approves the work of love.

Ah ſacred pile! thy joys for others ſhine:
Severer toils and heavier fates are mine.
I pour in ſolitary gloom the ſigh;
I weep unſeen, unviſited I die.
No holy prieſt my dying vow receives;
No whiſper'd hope my ſadden'd heart relieves;
Forlorn I die; and to the ſilent air
Heave my laſt groan, and breathe my parting prayer.
Ah whence that plaint? Does no conſoling power
Upbear thy ſpirit in this awful hour?
Like the falſe world, does Hope deſert thy breaſt?
Has dark Deſpondence all the ſoul oppreſs'd?
Ah no! to happier worlds, to brighter ſkies,
The fainting, trembling, ſtruggling ſpirit flies:
There all is quiet, there the afflicted reſt,
And there at length the penitent is bleſs'd.
Farewell, thou world, whoſe dreary round contains
Weak fleeting joys and ever-during pains;

Farewell Remorſe, Regret, Diſmay, Deſpair;
Farewell the human face, and human care.
I go, I go; my ſoul is on the wing:
Bear, bear me, angels, to your heavenly King;
Where ſtreaming joys from viewleſs glory flow,
And purer forms with circling radiance glow.
Though guilt hath ſullied my immortal mind,
Obſcur'd my nature, and diſgrac'd my kind,
Yet is not all the glorious work debas'd;
The Maker's image is not quite effac'd.

Thou high Almighty Power, to whom alone
The muſing heart and ſilent thought are known,
From a ſad world to Thee my flight I bend,
My God, my Father, Comforter, and Friend.
May my hard wrongs, repentance, tortures, fears,
My agonizing groans, my bitter tears,

Thy riſing anger charm, thy mercy ſway,
Atone my guilt, and waſh my ſtains away:
Parent of good, repoſe at length beſtow,
And grant that mercy, Man denies below.

THE

ABORIGINAL BRITONS,

A PRIZE POEM.

——Genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis
Durius.—— LUCRETIUS.

TO

THE HONOURABLE

LEWIS THOMAS WATSON,

OF

LEES COURT IN THE COUNTY OF KENT,

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

THE

ABORIGINAL BRITONS.

YE ſons of Albion, who with venturous ſails
In diſtant oceans caught Antarctic gales;
Dar'd with bold prow the boiſterous main explore,
Where never keel had plough'd the wave before;
Saw ſtars unnam'd illumine other ſkies,
Which ne'er had ſhone on European eyes;
View'd on the coaſt the wondering ſavage ſtand,
Unclad, and freſh from his Creator's hand;
While woods and wilds, where rudely free he ran,
Bore the rough ſemblance of primeval Man:—

A form like this, illuſtrious ſouls, of yore
Your own Britannia's ſea-girt iſland wore:

Ere Daniſh lances bluſh'd with Ælla's blood;
Or blue-eyed Saxons fail'd on Medway's flood;
Or Dover's towering cliff from high deſcried
Ceſar's bold bark, which ſtemm'd a deep untried.

Through fleecy clouds the balmy ſpring-tide ſmil'd;
But all its ſweets were waſted on a wild:
In vain mild autumn ſhone with mellowing gleam;
No bending fruitage bluſh'd beneath its beam.
Rudely o'erſpread with ſhadowy foreſts lay
Wide trackleſs waſtes, that never ſaw the day:
Rich fruitful plains, now waving deep with corn,
Frown'd rough and ſhaggy with the tangled thorn:
Through joyleſs heaths, and valleys dark with woods,
Majeſtic rivers roll'd their uſeleſs floods:
Full oft the hunter check'd his ardent chaſe,
Dreading the latent bog and green moraſs:
While like a blaſting mildew wide were ſpread

Blue thickening mists, in stagnant marshes bred.
O'er scenes thus wild adventurous CÆSAR stray'd,
And joyless view'd the conquests he had made;
And bless'd Italia's happier plains and skies,
Through purest air where yellow olives rise;
From elm to elm where stretching tendrils twine,
Bending with clusters of the purple vine:
While, spread o'er sunny hill and verdant wood,
Stray the white flocks, which drink Clitumnus' flood.

Rude as the wilds around his sylvan home,
In savage grandeur see the Briton roam.
Bare were his limbs, and strung with toil and cold,
By untam'd nature cast in giant-mould.
O'er his broad brawny shoulders loosely flung
Shaggy and long his yellow ringlets hung.
His waist an iron-belted falchion bore,
Massy, and purpled deep with human gore:

His ſcarr'd and rudely-painted limbs around
Fantaſtic horror-ſtriking figures frown'd,
Which, monſter-like, ev'n to the confines ran
Of nature's work, and left him hardly man.
His knitted brows and rolling eyes impart
A direful image of his ruthleſs heart;
Where thoughts of war and bloodſhed brooding lie,
Like thunders lowering in a gloomy ſky.

But you, ye dames illuſtrious, wont to brave
Helvellin's ſtorms, and ſport in Darwent's wave,
To your high worth ſubmiſs the ſavage ſtood,
As Gambia's lions reverence princely blood.
He made no rubied lip nor ſparkling eye
The ſhrine and god of his idolatry;
But, proudly bending to a juſt controul,
Bow'd in obeiſance to the female ſoul;
And deem'd ſome effluence of the Omniſcient Mind

In woman's beauteous image lay enſhrin'd;
In her pure breaſt with power prophetic ſprung,
And flow'd in heavenly wiſdom from her tongue.
Fam'd among warrior-chiefs the crown ſhe wore;
At freedom's call the gory falchion bore;
Rul'd the triumphant car; and rank'd in fame
Bonduca's with Caractacus's name.

No tender virgin heard the impaſſion'd youth
Breathe his warm vows, and ſwear eternal truth:
No fire, encircled by a blooming race,
View'd his own features in his infant's face:
The ſavage knew not wedlock's chaſter rite;
The torch of Hymen pour'd a common light;
As paſſion fir'd, the lawleſs pair were bleſs'd;
And babes unfather'd hung upon the breaſt.

Such was the race, who drank the light of day,

When loſt in weſtern waves Britannia lay.
Content they wander'd o'er their heaths and moors,
Nor thought that ocean roll'd round other ſhores.
Viewing the fires, that blaz'd around their ſkies,
Mid the wide world of waters ſet and riſe,
They vainly deem'd the glittering orbs of light
For them alone illum'd the vault of night;
For them alone the golden lamp of day
Held its bright progreſs through the heaven's high way.

When the chill breeze of morning overhead
Wav'd the dark boughs that roof'd his ſylvan bed,
Up the light Briton ſprung—to chaſe the deer
Through Humber's vales, or heathy Cheviot drear.
Languid at noon his fainting limbs he caſt
On the warm bank, and fought his coarſe repaſt.
With acorns, ſhaken from the neighbouring oak,
Or ſapleſs bark, that from the trunk he broke,

His meal he made; and in the cavern'd dell
Drank, where the cold wave down the rough rock fell.
At eve, retracing ſlow his morning road,
With wearied feet he gain'd his wild abode.
No city roſe with ſpires and turrets crown'd;
No iron war from rocky ramparts frown'd;
But plain and ſimple, in the ſhadowy wood,
The ſhapeleſs, rude-conſtructed hamlets ſtood:
O'er the deep trench an earthy mound aroſe,
To guard the ſylvan town from beaſts and foes.
The crackling fire beneath the hawthorn ſhade
With cheerful blaze illum'd the darkſome glade.
Ofttimes beneath the ſheltering oak was ſpread
With leaves and ſpoils of beaſts the ruſtic bed:
In open ſky he reſts his head, and ſees
The ſtars, that twinkle through the waving trees.
On his bare breaſt the chilling dews deſcend;
His yellow locks the midnight tempeſts rend;

Around the empty wolf in hunger prowls,
And ſhakes the lonely foreſt with his howls:
Yet health and toil weigh down the ſenſe, and ſteep
His wearied aching limbs in balmy ſleep;
Till the pale twilight opes the glimmering glades,
And ſlowly gains upon the mid-wood ſhades.

But ah! unwelcome roſe the peaceful morn
On Albion's ſons, for war and glory born.

Lo! how Britannia's woods and hills reſound
With martial yells, and blaze with arms around!
War is their ſport: at day-ſpring forth they go,
With ſpear and ſhield, and find or make a foe;
Join the wild fight; and with the ſetting ſun
Bear home their plunder; and the war is done.
'Twixt bordering tribes eternal diſcords reign'd;
Not foreign foes theſe native feuds reſtrain'd:

Elſe nurs'd in arms, and prodigal of breath,
And, reft of freedom, nobly wooing death,
Had Albion's warlike ſtates united pour'd
The godlike vengeance of the patriot ſword,
Julius had ſteer'd with daring helm in vain
To iſles emboſom'd in the Atlantic main;
Nor Rome's imperial Eagle, borne on high,
Had ſpread her pinions in our Northern ſky.

Furious as mountain-beaſts, the tribes engage,
With yells, and clanging arms, and frantic rage.
Terrific, mounted on his ſcythed car
The Briton hurls the rapid bolts of war;
Reſiſtleſs ſcours the plain, and burſts the files,
As mad Tornadoes ſweep the Indian iſles;
While high in air the ſighs and ſhrieks and groans
Aſcend, one general peal of mortal moans.
Pale, panic-ſtruck, and fix'd as in a trance,

The Romans ſtand, and drop the uſeleſs lance;
And almoſt fear their banners are unfurl'd
Beyond the confines of the mortal world;
And more than men, horrific in their might,
Dare them from Albion's cliffs to fatal fight.

Thus fought Britannia's ſons;—but when o'erthrown,
More keen and fierce the flame of freedom ſhone.
Ye woods, whoſe cold and lengthen'd tracts of ſhade
Roſe on the day, when ſun and ſtars were made;
Waves of Lodore, that from the mountain's brow
Tumble your flood, and ſhake the vale below;
Majeſtic Skiddaw, round whoſe trackleſs ſteep
Mid the bright ſunſhine darkſome tempeſts ſweep;
To you the patriot fled: his native land
He ſpurn'd, when proffer'd by a conqueror's hand;
In you to roam at large; to lay his head
On the bleak rock; unclad, unhous'd, unfed;

Hid in the aguiſh fen whole days to reſt,
The numbing waters gather'd round his breaſt;
To ſee Deſpondence cloud each riſing morn,
And dark Deſpair hang o'er the years unborn:
Yet here, ev'n here, he greatly dar'd to lie,
And drain the luſcious dregs of liberty;
Outcaſt of nature, fainting, waſted, wan,
To breathe an air his own, and live a Man.

But when with conqueſt crown'd, he taught his foes
What free-born man on free-born man beſtows.
He, in the pride and inſolence of war,
Ne'er bound the indignant captive to his car;
Nor with ignoble toils or ſervile chains
Debas'd the blood, that ſwells the hero's veins;
Nor meanly barter'd for unworthy gold
The ſoul, that animates the human mould:
But reverenc'd kindred valour, though o'erthrown;

Diſdain'd to hear a warrior meanly moan;
Gave him to die; and by the generous blow
Reſtor'd that freedom he had loſt below.

For ſimple nature taught his ſoul to riſe
To nobler powers, and realms beyond the ſkies.

Though to his view the Almighty voice had ne'er
Stay'd the proud ſun amid his bright career;
Pour'd from the flinty rock the cryſtal ſtream;
Or ſhed on ſightleſs eyes the gladſome beam;
Bad the deep waters of the main divide,
And ope an highway through the pathleſs tide;
Or ſtiffen'd corſes, cold and pale in death,
Bluſh with new life, and heave again with breath!
Yet gazing round him he beheld the God
Hold in all nature's works his dread abode;
Serenely ſoft beam in the ſilver moon,

Burn full effulgent in the blaze of noon,
Frown on the dark wing of the ſtorm reclin'd,
Speak in the thunder, ride upon the wind,
And from the rending earthquake dreadly call,
Shaking the deep foundations of the ball.

Hence Superſtition ſprung in elder time,
Wild as the ſoil, and gloomy as the clime.

Midſt rocks and waves the grove tremendous roſe:
O'er the rude altars hung in dread repoſe
A twilight pale; like the dim ſickly noon,
When the mid-ſun retires behind the moon.
From ſounding caverns ruſh'd the darkſome flood;
Each antique trunk was ſtain'd with human blood.
'Twas ſung, that birds in terror fled the ſhade;
That lightnings harmleſs round the branches play'd;
And, in the hour of fate, the central oak

Shook with the ſpirit of the God, and ſpoke.
The Roman check'd awhile his conquering band,
And dropp'd the imperial Eagle from his hand;
And ſeem'd, while ſhuddering borne on Mona's wood,
To tread the confines of the Stygian flood.

Dire were the rites, that there enchain'd the mind,
Bane of the ſoul, and ſhame of man's high kind!
'Twas deem'd, the circles of the waving wand,
The myſtic figures, and the muttering band,
Holding o'er nature's works reſiſtleſs ſway,
Controll'd the Lord and Maker of the day.
Rocks, by infernal ſpells and magic prayer,
Shook from their baſe, and trembled high in air;
The blaſted ſtars their fading light withdrew;
The labouring moon ſhed down a baleful dew;
Spirits of hell aerial dances led;
And rifted graves gave up the pale cold dead.

Imperial Man, creation's lord and pride,
To crown the ſacrificial horrors, died;
That Heſus, direly pleas'd, in joyous mood,
Might fleſh their ſword, and glut their ſcythes with blood;
And Taranis, amidſt his tempeſts, ſmile,
And roll innocuous thunder o'er their iſle.

Hail, heav'n-born Seers, whoſe magic fingers ſtrung
The Cambrian lyre; who Locrine's triumphs ſung
To the dark haunts of Snowdon's icy caves,
Plinlimmon's cliffs, and Deva's haunted waves;
Or where, as Vaga roll'd her winding flood,
High on the gray rocks wav'd the hanging wood.
Ye, wandering frequent by romantic ſtreams,
With harps, that glitter'd to the moon's pale beams,
Sooth'd by your midnight hymns the warrior's ghoſt,
Whoſe cold bones whiten'd Arvon's dreary coaſt.

Ye ſung the courſes of the wandering moon;
The ſun-beam darken'd in the blaze of noon;
The ſtars unerring in their glittering ſpheres;
The ſure proceſſion of the circling years;
And the dread Powers, that rule the world on high,
And hold celeſtial ſynods in the ſky.
When hoſtile nations met with barbarous clang,
And the wild heath with yelling ſquadrons rang;
When beams of light from ſerried lances ſtream'd,
And vivid flaſhes o'er the high heavens gleam'd;
Fir'd by your magic ſongs, the Briton pour'd
A tenfold fury; dar'd the uplifted ſword;
Envy'd the ſhades of chiefs in battle ſlain;
And burn'd to join them on the ethereal plain.
For warrior-ſouls, ye ſung, would deathleſs bloom,
When the cold limbs lay mouldering in the tomb;
From the pale ſtiffening corſes wing their flight,
And riſe in kindred mould to life and light;

Again in arms fill the dire yell of war;
Again to havoc drive the ſcythed car:
Till earth and air and ſeas ſhould ſink in flame,
The fiery deluge melting nature's frame:
When, amidſt blazing orbs, the warrior-ſoul,
Borne through the milky way and ſtarry pole,
Would painleſs tenant through eternal years
Manſions of pureſt bliſs in brighter ſpheres;
In warlike ſports engage its kindred ſhades,
Tame the wild ſteeds, and brandiſh gleaming blades;
Or hear with kindling blood, and ſouls on fire,
The high romantic ſtrains of Cadwall's lyre.

In Albion's ancient days, midſt northern ſnows,
Hardy and bold, immortal Freedom roſe.
She roam'd the ſounding margin of the deep,
Conway's wild bank, and Cader's craggy ſteep:
A bloody wolf-ſkin o'er her back was ſpread;

An axe ſhe bore; and wild weeds grac'd her head.
On Snowdon's cliffs reclin'd, ſhe watch'd on high
The tempeſt-driven clouds, that croſs'd the ſky;
Or caught with liſtening ear the ſounding gale,
When the dread war-ſong ſhook the diſtant dale.
At battle's cloſe ſhe roam'd the enſanguin'd plain,
And gaz'd the threatening aſpects of the ſlain.
Now from ignoble ſloth ſhe rarely roſe,
For ſavage Freedom ſinks to mute repoſe;
Now to wild joys, and the bowl's maddening powers,
Gave up the torpid ſenſe and liſtleſs hours;
Now joyful ſaw the naked ſword diſplay'd,
Though brother's blood flow'd reeking from the blade.
By tyrants ſunk, ſhe roſe more proudly great,
As ocean ſwells indignant in the ſtrait;
And, borne afar from Cambria's mountains bleak,
Rais'd virtue's generous bluſh on Cæſar's cheek.

But ah! full many a dark and ſtormy year
She dropp'd o'er Albion's iſle the patriot tear.
Retir'd to mountains, from the craggy dell
She caught the Norman curfeu's tyrant knell:
Sad to her view the baron's caſtle frown'd
Bold from the ſteep, and aw'd the plains around:
She ſorrowing heard the papal thunders roll,
And mourn'd the ignoble bondage of the ſoul:
She bluſh'd, O CROMWELL, bluſh'd at CHARLES's doom;
And wept, miſguided SIDNEY, o'er thy tomb.

But now reviv'd, ſhe boaſts a purer cauſe,
Refin'd by ſcience, form'd by generous laws;
High hangs her helmet in the banner'd hall,
Nor ſounds her clarion, but at honour's call:
Now walks the land with olive chaplets crown'd,
Exalting worth, and beaming ſafety round:

With ſecret joy and conſcious pride admires
The patriot ſpirit, which herſelf inſpires;
Sees barren waſtes with unknown fruitage bloom;
Sees Labour bending patient o'er the loom;
Sees Science rove through academic bowers;
And peopled cities lift their ſpiry towers:
Trade ſwells her ſails wherever ocean rolls,
Beneath the burning line, or frozen poles;
While through unwater'd plains and wondering meads
Waves not its own the obedient river leads.

But chief the godlike Mind, which bears impreſs'd
Its Maker's glorious image full confeſs'd:
Nobleſt of works created; more divine
Than all the ſtarry worlds, that nightly ſhine;
Form'd to live on, unconſcious of decay,
When the wide univerſe ſhall melt away:
The Mind, which, hid in ſavage breaſts of yore,

Lay, like Golconda's gems, an uſeleſs ore,
Now greatly dares ſublimeſt aims to ſcan;
Enriches ſcience, and ennobles man;
Unveils the ſemblance, which its God beſtow'd;
And draws more near the fount, from whence it flow'd.

THE CHRISTIAN.

TO THE

REV. JAMES BOYER,

VICAR OF COLNE ENGEN, ESSEX,

AS A SMALL TESTIMONY

OF RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS FORMER PUPIL

AND MOST AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

G. RICHARDS.

THE CHRISTIAN.

WHO, the bleſt native of a milder ſky,
Atlantic Iſles, or ſmiling Italy,
Long cloudleſs ſummers paſs'd in ſoft delight,
Would ſpeed impatient to the polar night,
Dreary, and cold, and dark? contented there,
With Kamſkadalian or rude Laplander,
Roof'd by the ſnows, in rocks and caves to lie,
And but a twilight gleam at noon deſcry?

And yet there are, who when Religion ſent,
Offspring of heaven, from God omnipotent,
Diffuſes over all the human kind
Sweet peace of heart, and purity of mind,

To doubtful wandering man ſhews what is beſt,
Bids him through life purſue it, and be bleſt,
Then after death mount upwards, and on high
In boundleſs pleaſures paſs eternity;
There are, who ſpurn the boon celeſtial, toſs'd
By doubts, and in uncertain wanderings loſt:
There are, who, ſunk in dreary gloom, reſign
The nobler faculties, the part divine,
And, little more than brute, would gaze the ſky
Some few brief years, and then for ever die.
Strange ſtate! the dread invention of deſpair,
Refuge of guilt from dark foreboding care;
The ruin'd mind's delirium, reaſon fled,
Nature extinguiſh'd quite, and conſcience dead.

O mortals, ſcarce more noble than the duſt,
While proud in Reaſon's vaunted power ye truſt;
Let the whole human kind your thoughts engage

Onward from clime to clime, from age to age;
Think how in virtue Man was form'd to ſhine,
Scarce leſs than Angel, only not divine;
Then mark how wide the reign of guilt, how few
With glory unobſcur'd the heavenly path purſue:
The willing ſlaves of pleaſure, they debaſe
Their high deſcent, and each celeſtial line efface:
The ſtern infuriate chief, let looſe in war,
Drives o'er the dying and the dead his car:
Inexorable tyrants of the mind,
The paſſions, demon-like, convulſe mankind:
Ev'n babes, when wild affections ſhake their frame,
The deep corruption of the kind proclaim:
While the ſtern ſavage, Nature's ſimple child,
Shews in each gloomy deed a heart defil'd.
In him, whoſe thoughts are pureſt, him whoſe breaſt
Bears moſt of angel ſanctitude impreſt,

Some luring wiſh, ſome diſingenuous art
Works inward, ſtruggling with the nobler part,
And violates the temple of the heart.
The Tempter o'er Apoſtles ev'n prevail'd;
And ſacred ſtory ſhews how DAVID fail'd.

From Reaſon think'ſt thou the relief can flow?
To Athens, or to Rome imperial, go,
And hear each reverend ſage: no cure they found;
Ev'n he, whoſe wiſdom oracles renown'd,
Confeſs'd, a nobler Teacher was requir'd,
Tranſcending mortal, and by God inſpir'd.

Or ſay, can Reaſon ſacred rites ſupply,
Suited to man and to the Deity?
Go to the hut, the ſavage ſee reclin'd
Near his baſe idol, ſhaming human kind:

Go, and on hot Arabia's fiery ſand
See the ſwarth Indian agonizing ſtand:
Go to the mountain's top, while man expires
A victim, midſt the ſacrificial fires:
Go to the fields, which Roman Tiber laves,
To Cecrops' towers, or Nile's Egyptian waves:
There aſk, how nations form'd by claſſic taſte,
By ſcience rais'd, and by refinement grac'd,
Paid rites divine? Ah, no: away, return,
Nor force thy cheek with generous ſhame to burn.

O Sceptics, who by Reaſon proudly ſoar,
Behold this picture, and be vain no more.
Reflect, admire, confide; till hope ariſe
Of ſupernatural light, and knowledge from the ſkies.

View here, the Chriſtian cries, the unfolded Law,
Accept with gratitude, perform with awe.

True, thou exclaimeſt, weigh'd with ſuch a creed,
The wealth of Indian worlds were light indeed.
But pious frauds in every age abound:
'Tis eaſy to pretend the inſpiring ſound.
Struck with unmanly dread, to claims divine
The crowd, in ſpite of common ſenſe, incline,
And pour the pious prayer, and build the ſacred ſhrine.
Shew that thy Teacher muſt be from above;
Let Reaſon his credentials once approve;
I bend, I yield; my fears, my doubts forego;
And Thou, great Power, to whom the Chriſtians bow,
Shalt hear my matin ſong and evening vow.

To Reaſon we appeal: the unerring ſign,
Lo! fix'd upon the Law by hands divine.

But while, adventuring on preſumptuous wing,
Of God, and truths by God reveal'd, I ſing,

Aid, heavenly natures, eſſences ſublime,
Unbodied ſpirits, form'd before all time;
Ere yet the hills appear'd, or fountains flow'd,
Ye, clad with glory, round the Godhead glow'd;
Saw chaos ſtill the wild tumultuous noiſe,
Saw the great globe riſe at the Almighty voice,
The ſun come blazing forth, and earth and heaven
rejoice.
Quick as the glance of thought through middle air,
From world to world divine beheſts ye bear.
Man was your care of old; for, God the theme,
By reverential oak and hallow'd ſtream
Ye deign'd divine diſcourſe; and ſtreaming light
Unveil'd celeſtial forms to mortal ſight.

1. The future, all muſt ſure confeſs, conceal'd
From mortals, is to God alone reveal'd;

Nor man, nor angel, prefcience can inſpire;
The Prophet muſt be touch'd with heavenly fire;
And He, whoſe coming, with prophetic eye,
Sages foreſaw of yore, muſt come from high.
O then, thou friend of truth, with me unroll
In Iſrael's volume the myſterious ſcroll.
Lo! numerous Prophets, from the birth of time,
Varying in nations, cuſtoms, ſpeech, and clime,
Jew, Pagan, Patriarch, King, and Prieſt, and Sage,
Rais'd in long order up from age to age,
Go on unfolding one great ſcheme, and trace
Each ſlight diſtinction mark'd, each heavenly grace,
The future Saviour of the human race.
At length the God appears; his deeds unfold
In full completion what they all foretold.
As the broad lake reflecting ſhews diſplay'd
Mountains, and caſtled cliffs, and wooded ſhade,

Mirror complete: ſo in his life benign
Expreſs the ſtrongly-imag'd features ſhine,
Pourtray'd in ages paſt by ſeers divine.

2. But not upon the Prophets reſt we ſole:
For lo! what wonders in long train controul
The Sceptic's wavering faith, and awe the ſoul!
No effort made, no ſign myſterious tried,
From vulgar eyes deception's arts to hide,
He ſpake, he mov'd his hand, and Iſrael ſaw
Obedient nature change the eternal law.
The effect was inſtant, as the lightning flies
With momentary luſtre through the ſkies:
Nor ſeldom ſhewn; for he whoſe curious mind
The ſum of all thoſe mighty ſigns would find,
May count the waves that o'er the Atlantic roll,
And number all the ſtars that light the Pole.

3. Deem'ſt thou the holy men, who firſt believ'd
In Chriſtian miracles, themſelves deceiv'd?
Idle conceit, by common ſenſe diſclaim'd:
Who hold it are as weak, as he who fram'd.
Was it deluſion, when from year to year
The dumb were made to ſpeak, the deaf to hear,
Glad on the ſightleſs eye the day was ſhed,
And moody madneſs heard his call, and fled?
Could Fancy ſovereign rule, and Reaſon ſleep,
When their great Maſter walk'd the liquid deep?
Have ye not heard that He, whom dead they ſaw,
Breaking great nature's univerſal law,
Aſcended, and to wondering crowds appear'd?
His lineaments they trac'd, his voice they heard,
Caught from his hallow'd lips celeſtial lore,
And ſaw him through the clouds aſcendant ſoar.

Ev'n in themſelves a heavenly virtue dwelt,

And mightieſt wonders they or did, or felt.
They check'd the demon in his torturing hour,
They ſaw their paſſing ſhadow's healing power:
They ſaw when he, who blaſphemouſly lied,
Fell at the great Apoſtle's feet, and died.
They ſaw the priſon ſhake, the maſſy door
Fly ope, the keeper proſtrate ſpread the floor,
And angels o'er the gloom their radiance pour.

No error can be here: who found their creed
On ſuch conviction, fix it firm indeed.
And he, who weakly can ſuppoſe the ſenſe
Deluded, and reſiſt ſuch evidence,
May deem that midnight gloom involves the ſky,
When the great Sun looks from his throne on high;
Or think that mortals but of winter dream,
When ſnows o'erſpread the hill, and froſt hath bound
the ſtream.

4. As far from truth they wander, who believe
The Apoſtles fram'd a ſtory to deceive.
What their reward? If falſe the tale, farewell
All their high hopes in happier worlds to dwell:
For what in death could wait them, but the rod
Uprais'd in vengeance by an injur'd God?
On earth they labour'd an ungrateful ſoil;
Affliction was the fruit, that crown'd their toil.
Riches and ſway imperial they diſclaim'd,
And each licentious pleaſure ſternly blam'd.
No laurels round the brow conſpicuous twin'd;
No public plaudits ſwell'd the kindling mind:
But blaſted were their toils, and curs'd their ſtate,
By malice, by the univerſal hate
Of human kind, and all the paſſions dire,
Which an ungovern'd luſt of vice can fire.
To dungeons deep and gloomy they were led:
Beneath the torturer's iron ſcourge they bled.

Oft o'er the extended earth from eaſt to weſt,
At the capricious tyrant's wild beheſt,
Stretch'd on the croſs, bound in the fiery blaſt,
Or to the famiſh'd lions dreadly caſt,
They ſtood the ſhock of power; and, brave in vain,
Clos'd in untimely death a life of pain.

5. From ſcenes, which fancy ſhuddering dreads to view,
From groans, which agonizing nature drew,
O turn, my Muſe: the ancient world ſurvey'd,
View over all the holy Croſs diſplay'd:
Then bend thine eye to Jewry's hallow'd land,
And ſee from Sion's mount yon ſlender band
Go on the wondrous miſſion, to o'erthrow
All heathen gods, and lay all altars low;
Give to the world at large one law, and bind
In one unvaried faith all human kind.

Needy, untaught, unfriended, and unpriz'd,
Their language foreign, and their tribe deſpis'd,
To eaſt, to weſt, behold, they various roam
To letter'd Athens and imperial Rome.
No creſcent they diſplay, no ſword they draw,
Nor with the glorious pomp of conqueſt awe:
But with plain ſpeech, and regulated zeal,
Simply their tale relate, their faith reveal.
Yet multitudes with awe their words receive,
And ſages bow convinc'd, and kings believe;
Freſh converts each ſucceeding day ſupplies,
New ſuppliants crowd the ſhrines, new temples riſe.
And as of old the waters ſteep on ſteep
O'erflowing ſwell'd, till all was one vaſt deep;
So on they proſperous ſpeed from ſhore to ſhore,
Where'er the legions march, or eagles ſoar,
Till all, who view the glorious orb of day,
JEHOVAH's name adore, and CHRIST obey.

Say, in this change ſo wondrous does thine eye
No interpoſing hand divine deſcry?
Had not the Omnipotent the labour bleſs'd,
Miraculouſly work'd, and ſhone confeſs'd,
Who can believe that all the human race,
At the weak call of ſtrangers poor and baſe,
Would daſh their gods to earth, and one belief embrace?
If ſuch high truths, although no wondrous deed
The Teacher work, through native beauty ſpeed;
Aſk of the men, who bear the Chriſtian lore
To Indian clans and Afric's Pagan ſhore,
Why from the ſtrain, which angels pleas'd might hear,
Turns the dull ſavage back with deafen'd ear
To gods of ſtock and ſtone; and, baſely bow'd,
In phrenſy tears his fleſh, and ſhrieks aloud?
Aſk why the natives, innocent and mild,
Of Greenland's icied rocks and ſnowy wild,

Saw riſing near their caves the Chriſtian ſhrine,
Heard the warm Teacher's eloquence divine,
Yet ſprung, when ſummer op'd the frozen way,
And launch'd his veſſel, and forbade delay.
Ev'n now behold, on Thames's ſwelling tides,
From ſouthern ſeas the veſſel entering rides:
Though gentleſt thoughts the native's breaſt inſpir'd,
Though zeal the Preacher's glowing boſom fir'd,
Back they convey the unaccepted lore,
Nor leave one Chriſtian on Taite's ſhore.

6. One labour more, celeſtial Muſe, remains:
Aid thou, for God himſelf demands the ſtrains.
Though in the lowly form of man he lay,
Cloth'd with corrupt and periſhable clay,
Uninjur'd yet as pure of guilt he ſhone,
As the bright ſeraph round the eternal throne:
No paſſions ſhook his frame: they, aw'd and ſtill,

Mov'd in obedience to his blameleſs will.
Hatred, and maniac Anger, Malice fell,
And looſe Deſire, aſham'd her deeds to tell,
And Envy, making Paradiſe a Hell,
O'ermaſter'd, ſtood remote: while full confeſs'd
Each grace adorning man his life expreſs'd;
Humility, with aſpect bland declin'd;
And Charity, who glows for all mankind;
And Mercy, pleading with expiring breath
Ev'n for the infuriate foe that gives the death;
And Reſignation meek; and, lifting high
Her ſtedfaſt look, celeſtial Piety.

Nor leſs his doctrines, fruit of thought divine,
Full of the God, in pure perfection ſhine.
The wits of yore, the glory of our race,
But faintly could immortal virtue trace;
And happineſs, that firſt deſire of man,

Like night before the ſun, for ever from them ran.
Far other Thou, great Teacher of mankind;
Thy word diſpels the miſt, that held us blind.
Thou, of the God, from whom all being flows,
Didſt to our wondering ears the truth diſcloſe,
Sublime beyond what ancient Sage had taught,
Or Bard in loftieſt flight of fancy thought.
No precept pregnant or with vice or woe
From thy celeſtial lips was heard to flow.
Whate'er of pure or perfect thought can reach,
Thy life the example gives, thy doctrines teach.
To check the wildly wandering eye, to ſtill
The riſing paſſion, to controul the will,
Was thy divine employ: And O would they,
Who hear the Teacher, the command obey,
Angels might quit for earth their happier ſkies,
And man no longer want a Paradiſe.

Say, reverend Sages, ye who deeply ſcan
The powers of mind, and energies of man;
Say, could a youth, on Jewry's diſtant ground,
Unlearn'd, and by Barbarians circled round,
Conceive ſuch heavenly truths, know uninſpir'd
What wiſeſt mortals had in vain deſir'd;
From Rome, from Greece, the palm of wiſdom claim,
And leave to Socrates a ſecond name?

Stay, vaunting Infidel! withhold thy hand;
Wave not o'er yonder fane thy fiery brand,
The pile encompaſs'd by a madden'd throng,
The iſles re-echoing thy blaſpheming tongue:
Mortal thou art, and not from error free:
Thy thoughts may wander: truth may reſt with me.
If I deluded err, and if on high
There dwell no thundering God, that rules the ſky;
If only from the duſt we drew our birth,

And dead, ſhall loſe the ſoul, and mix with earth;
Is faith my foe?—It bids me put all truſt
In good, be humble, merciful, and juſt,
Supports in ſickneſs, ſolaces in woes,
And o'er the gloom of life a cheering ſunbeam throws.
Deceive it cannot:—ere its dream be o'er,
Senſe will be fled, exiſtence be no more:
And what to me, extinguiſh'd in the tomb,
Can diſappointment bring of pain or gloom?

But thou, in error ſlumbering, think, O think,
Muſt wake at length on a tremendous brink.
The trump ſhall ſound; the fire's all-waſting power
The earth with all its circling orbs devour;
The dead of every age and every clime
Shall leave their graves, ſhall wing their way ſublime;

Shall view their God, and hear in thunder dread
The laſt irrevocable ſentence read,
Which through eternal ages binds the dead:
Touch'd through their brightening frames with purer fires;
Shaded with palms, and hymn'd by cherub quires,
The bleſt through opening files of angels riſe
Up to the bliſsful ſeat of Paradiſe;
While they, whoſe vices ſoil'd their mortal clay,
Caught in a fiery whirlwind, paſs away
To realms where Demons hold their horrid reign,
To everlaſting gloom and endleſs pain.
Thou too muſt wake at that tremendous hour,
Muſt ſtand in preſence of Almighty Power,
Meet face to face the God thou dar'ſt deny,
And hear his thunders roll, and ſee his lightnings fly.
The vigour of thy ſpirit ſhall remain;
Extinction thou may'ſt wiſh; but wiſhes will be vain.

O entering then with me that offer'd way,
Explore where 'tis impoſſible to ſtray.
'Twas pure Religion, when, his idols round,
Man, like the brute, lay groveling on the ground,
Firſt led the noble thought on high to ſoar,
And open'd on his mind celeſtial lore;
Train'd him for heaven; and bade him, as he roſe,
The image of his glorious God diſcloſe.
Great was its power, ſoothing in elder time
The rugged warriors of the Northern clime.
From ſeas which winter's frown forbids to flow,
From mountains ſhagg'd with ice, and waſtes of ſnow,
Barbaric hordes, pour'd down Carpathian ſteep,
Or piercing dark Hercynia's foreſts deep,
Burſt like a ſtorm: the ſong of death they ſung,
And horror from their threatening aſpects flung.
Wild flew their ſable hair: the ſword they bar'd,
And rais'd the ſinewy arm, that never ſpar'd.

On while they ruſh, the ſcourge of guilty times,
Fierce as their ſtorms, inclement as their climes,
And wave their blood-red banners o'er the fields,
And caſt diſaſtrous radiance from their ſhields,
Sudden they pauſe: near ſome calm gliding flood,
Emboſom'd by romantic rocks and wood,
The fane with turrets crown'd and gray with years,
And by the holy croſlet mark'd, appears:
No Eleuſinian Goddeſs foul to rites,
The ſhame of proſtituted man, invites:
No Thor with ſullen frown in darkſome wood
Sees flowing o'er his altars human blood:
But penitential ſuppliants bend in prayer,
And quires with loud Hoſannas fill the air;
Pure truths from hallow'd lips perſuaſive flow,
And ſacred preſence ſeems an awe around to throw.
Amaz'd the Savage ſtands: new paſſions ſtart,
New thoughts along the mind freſh dawning dart,

New hopes are waken'd : low the axe is laid,
And bloodleſs in the ſcabbard ſleeps the blade :
Tears burſt ; the alter'd eyes with mildneſs glow,
And the terrific frown deſerts the brow :
The ethereal ſpark revives ; the thoughts refine
Within the yielding ſoul ; and Man begins to ſhine,
A more exalted work, and more divine.
Hence roſe o'er Europe's realms a nobler race,
Of human kind the glory and the grace,
Through fam'd Heſperian fields, through Gallia's ſhore,
And Albion, ſeated firm midſt ocean's roar.

God of the world, to whom is rear'd the fane
On Roman Tiber, or Pariſian Seine,
Or midſt Atlantic waves on Britain's plain ;
Ariſe, appear, protect : enough of crimes,
Enough of monſtrous horrors ſtain the times.

Danube, and Rhine, and Alpine ſummits hoar
Reſound with arms; the ſeas are ſtain'd with gore;
And war's loud engines ſhake the Indian ſhore.
The ſocial fabric burſts; kings fall from high;
Great empires in ſtupendous ruins lie;
And Uproar ſovereign rules. Recall, great God,
Thy miniſters of vengeance, ſtay thy rod;
Plant of celeſtial ſeed, let faith increaſe
In Europe's wayward ſons, and all be peace.

BRITANNIA.

Written in the Spring of 1793.

———————Rupto fœdere regni
Certatum totis concuſſi viribus orbis,
Juſque datum ſceleri. LUCAN.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE JOHN SPENCER

EARL SPENCER,

&c. &c. &c.

UNDER WHOSE AUSPICES

THE

NAVY OF ENGLAND

ARRIVED AT AN HEIGHT OF POWER AND FAME

UNEXAMPLED IN THE HISTORY

OF THIS AND OF EVERY OTHER COUNTRY,

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS OBEDIENT SERVANT,

G. RICHARDS.

BRITANNIA.

WHAT fearful ſpirit, far acroſs the main,
Breaks on my view, and hangs o'er Gallia's plain?
I heard thoſe terror-ſtriking yells of yore:
I know that poniard, red with royal gore.
Ill-fated CHARLES! the fiend, whoſe deadly ſtrife
Shook thy high throne, and ſeiz'd thy ſacred life,
Again comes wildly forth; again in arms
Thunders, and fills the nations with alarms:
More high ſhe towers, more wide ſhe waves her hand;
Shakes o'er an hundred realms her fiery brand;
Northward ſhe wings her courſe to Belgian ſkies,
And taints the air of Europe as ſhe flies.

But from theſe cliffs, my ſons, Britannia cried,
Her plumy warriors marſhall'd at her ſide,
From theſe bold cliffs, that tower above the main,
And circle freemen, drive her maddening train.
High from theſe rocks let waving pendants ſtream;
Far o'er the ſeas let ſteely armour gleam;
Dark from each cleft bid threatening cannons frown,
And creſted files the naked ſummits crown.
So, ſhould yon tyrants dare with deſperate prow
To plough the ſounding waves that roll below,
Not one returning foe ſhall e'er recline
Beneath the cluſters of his bluſhing vine;
Nor roam the beauteous plains, where Lera laves
Her viny banks, or Garonne rolls her waves.
Hurl'd ceaſeleſs hence, terrific balls ſhall glare
In fiery arches through the midnight air;
And awful through the impending ſhadows dark
O'er the broad ſeas ſhall ſhine the blazing bark.

Ah! hapleſs realm, to every ill a prey!
Once wing'd with bliſs thy moments ſtole away;
Thy ſunny hills with purple vineyards glow'd;
And Loire and Seine through golden harveſts flow'd.
Thy people, happy as when time begun,
Sang to the plains, and wanton'd in the ſun;
Fancy above with golden treſſes flew,
And wav'd her veſt of many a gaudy hue;
Aerial ſounds around, beneath, above,
Stole on the ſenſe, and lull'd the heart to love.

But all is paſt. Along the waſted plains,
The hollow vales, and high o'er-arching fanes,
Shrill piercing clarions breathe their fearful ſound;
And the dread war-horſe beats the echoing ground
No riſing raptures in the heart beat high,
Glow on the cheek, and brighten in the eye:
But Horror rears his form, and dark Deſpair,

And Fear, and mute Diſtruſt, and bending Care;
Wild Murder walks the land from ſide to ſide,
And mighty rivers roll a gory tide.
The Savage, panting under Indian ſkies,
Red with the blood of human ſacrifice,
Would liſt in ſad amaze the dreadful tales,
And bleſs his gentler tribes and happier vales.

Fierce o'er the realm the deſperate Chiefs preſide,
And ſpread the wreck of ruin'd nature wide;
Looſe ſocial man from every mild controul,
That ſweetens life, and purifies the ſoul;
And back return him, nature's rugged child,
To roam a ſavage through the wood and wild;
To freedom bid majeſtic temples riſe,
And wave her glorious ſtreamer through the ſkies;
Yet plunge their ſteel in every noble breaſt,
Where generous love of freedom ſhines confeſs'd.

All, in whoſe veins their grandſires' generous blood,
Beating to glory, roll'd its faithful flood;
All, whoſe high ſouls on lawleſs power look'd down,
And what their hearts diſclaim diſdain'd to own;
All, who with lifted hands their God rever'd,
And fill'd thoſe temples which their fathers rear'd;
All from their native land, in dead of night,
Breathleſs with ſpeed, and pallid with affright,
The ſlaughtering poniard preſſing from behind,
And yells of murderers ſounding in the wind,
Flew to the ſhores and ſeas—in fragile bark
To tempt the wintry ocean, wild and dark;
Mute with deſpair to hear the tempeſt rave
Loud round the prow, which broke the mountain wave;
To hold their deſperate progreſs mid the ſtorm,
And face the ſpectre Death's tremendous form.
Full oft has Pity, wandering round this ſhore,

Liſten'd to hear the diſtant daſhing oar:
Oft from theſe cliffs has Mercy ſtretch'd her hand,
To lead the ſinking fugitives to land.

You ſaw, while then, of every joy bereft,
Cold on your ſhores the languid band were left,
No earthly ſpot whereon to lay their head,
And wandering hopeleſs of their daily bread:
You ſaw—and round them all your bleſſings pour'd,
Warm'd at your hearth, and cheriſh'd at your board,
Laid on the hoſpitable couch to reſt,
And hung your fleeces round their naked breaſt.

Thou too, unhappy Prince, from demon power
Self-exil'd, fled'ſt; but ah! in evil hour:
For ſtern Misfortune frowning croſs'd thy way;
Malignant Murder mark'd thee for her prey.
O may thy ſoul angelic pleaſures know,

And find that mercy it diſpens'd below.
Though, ſummon'd forth to die, midſt hopeleſs pains
Thou left'ſt thy Queen in priſon and in chains;
Though on thy way no ſigh upheav'd the breaſt,
Nor pitying Chriſtian bad thy ſpirit reſt;
Though Hatred frowning ſaw thy meeken'd air,
Check'd thy laſt pardoning words, and ſtopp'd thy dying prayer:
Yet to Deſert ſhall human-kind be true,
And Virtue meet on earth her awful due:
Ages to come ſhall annual pomps beſtow,
And give the conſecrated day to woe:
The hallow'd taper o'er thy tomb ſhall ſhine,
And ſacred hymns be chaunted round thy ſhrine;
While pious millions at their altars bend,
And bleſs the ſpirit of their martyr'd friend.
The penſive Prieſt with ſad delight ſhall tread
The ſolemn ſpot where holy Louis bled:

There melting Pity of thy fall ſhall tell;
There on thy memory lonely Thought ſhall dwell;
And weeping Freedom endleſs vigils keep,
O ſainted Sufferer, where thy aſhes ſleep.

With thee, O Prince, has fall'n each generous art,
Which breathes a purer ſpirit o'er the heart:
For lo! from Gallia's broken realm has fled
The lordly pomp in tilts and tournays bred;
That pomp, whence man with nobler thought was fir'd,
His heart was ſoften'd, and his mind aſpir'd.
Thence the chaſte Fair, triumphant o'er his ſoul,
Broke his wild paſſions to her ſoft controul:
Thence manly Honour touch'd his gallant frame,
Fill'd him with truth, and wak'd his ſenſe to ſhame.
Ye long departed ſouls of high-born men,
Illuſtrious ſhades of Condé and Turenne,

Mourn o'er the ruins of your titled race,
Your lineal valour, and deſcendant grace:
No more your blood, which proudeſt guerdons won,
Swells in the temples of the ennobled ſon;
No more the valiant chieftain founds a name,
And calls a long poſterity to fame:
But barbarous legions, fierce and unconfin'd,
Arm againſt truth, and war upon the mind;
Deride the awful wiſdom of their ſires;
Hurl round their ſculptur'd tombs conſuming fires;
And o'er the world their darken'd offſpring caſt,
Reft of the guiding lore of ages paſt.

Ariſe, my gallant Britons; ſtem the tide
Of lawleſs rage, and bid the ſtorm ſubſide;
Nor deem, while forth in warlike pomp ye go,
Ye ſound your clarions 'gainſt a freeborn foe.
No, gallant warriors: Freedom is my child;

I nurs'd the infant on my mountains wild;
Taught her of yore, with front ſerene to ſweep
In ſcythed chariots round the fearful ſteep.
When late amaz'd the wondrous ſcene I ſaw,
On which admiring nations hung with awe;
When legions roſe, and fuming altars blaz'd,
And an whole realm one lofty pæan rais'd;
When ardent millions drew their ſhining ſteel,
And greatly vow'd their lives to Gallia's weal;
I thrill'd with joy; I bleſs'd the godlike cauſe;
I wav'd my plumy helmet in applauſe;
Fir'd them with Albion's patriot feats of yore;
Shew'd them my mountains ſtain'd with freemen's gore;
Pointed, where William bad his ſtreamers fly,
Or Hampden, faint with wounds, retir'd to die.

Freedom, I hop'd, thus burſting into day,

Afar and wide would hold her glorious way.
With fancy's eye I ſaw the goddeſs rove,
Where golden Tagus laves his orange grove:
Wavy with plumes, I ſaw her helmet gleam
On myrtle hills that riſe o'er Arno's ſtream:
Soaring ſhe flew to ſoothe the exile's woe
Through lone Siberia's ſunleſs waſte of ſnow.
Methought, O rapid wildly-wandering Rhine,
I ſaw thy caſtled cliffs their towers decline.
My opening thought in ſweet deluſion ſtray'd:
Ye orient realms, be free, I rapturous ſaid:
The ſounds now echoed by the viny Rhone
Shall ſhake imperial Othman on his throne:
Tigris ſhall ſee her hateful Harams fall,
And Freedom's pendant ſtream from Cairo's wall.
Ev'n ſouthern clans, that drink of Niger's tide,
Shall teach their tawny babes why Cato died;
And Orellana roll her ſealike flood,

Red with the cruſh'd Iberian's tyrant-blood.
A race more noble o'er the globe ſhall riſe,
And none but freemen gaze upon the ſkies.
How chang'd the view! In Seine's unhappy vale
Lies wounded Freedom, ſickly, faint, and pale.
Mournful her broken armour gleams around;
And ſtreams of brother's blood imbrue the ground.
Caſt at her feet a murder'd Monarch lies;
And palaces in flames at diſtance riſe:
While deſperate fiends, to ſpeed her rueful end,
Have dy'd her lance in gore, and hail'd her friend:
Around the globe their plundering hordes they pour,
And raſhly guide their prows to Britain's ſhore.

Ariſe, my warriors: Freedom arms your hand:
Protect her temples; guard her ſacred land;
Mount into fame; above your fathers ſoar:
My ſpirit in your kindling breaſts I pour:

Britannia leads, ſhe cries; and as ſhe ſpeaks,
As on her mind the great conception breaks,
She ſwells, her aſpect brightens, flaſh her eyes,
And her expanded form appears to riſe:
O'er her an undulating glory plays;
And manifeſt the Goddeſs ſhe diſplays.
Advance, my ſons: your future triumphs riſe
Prophetic viſions on my wondering eyes.
No more let Bards the illuſtrious deeds admire
Of ancient Carthage, or Phœnician Tyre:
Huſh'd be the fame, how once with haughty ſweep
Athenian galleys rode the Ægean deep:
Loſt in my rays their weaker beams expire,
Like ſtars before the ſun's aſcending fire.
Far in the Atlantic world of waters hoar,
Or the loud waves that laſh the Belgian ſhore,
Where Vincent lifts her rocks, where Calpé towers,
Where the dark ſtorm o'er weſtern Erin lowers,

My conquering pendants ſtream: the unfaithful Dane
Sees my bold veſſels plough his frozen main:
Dreadful I go; and o'er his rocks are hurl'd
My Britiſh thunders, that command the world.
Lo! tawny Egypt ſtands in dumb amaze;
Lo! wrapt in fire majeſtic veſſels blaze:
Proud to the Nile I guide my conquering prow;
And ſhew the wondering Eaſt my vanquiſh'd foe.
Borne into future time, I hail the fight,
I ſwell with pride, I kindle with delight.
From the fierce Gaul let Auſtria's Eagle fly;
And Spain beneath her victor proſtrate lie:
Let Belgia midſt her ruin'd empire pine;
And Gallic arms on frighted Tagus ſhine:
Unhurt, unmov'd, on the triumphant foe
The terrors of my riſing might I throw;
His threats, his boaſts, his towering ſtrength I brave,
As my tall rock defies the boiſterous wave.

In ruins let ſurrounding nations fall;
I ſtand the refuge and the hope of all.

And when at length the glorious field is won,
And the terrific work of war is done;
When Conqueſt bears my ſtandard through the ſkies,
And ſhakes her plume before me as ſhe flies;
Here Peace, by Glory led, ſhall take her ſtand,
The beauteous olive waving in her hand;
Shall ſee my commerce ſafe on ocean ride,
And earth's whole treaſure load each entering tide;
Shall find the glorious reſt which Valour ſends,
And, Valour's generous handmaid, Fame attends.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Poem was written in the Spring of 1792, upon occaſion of the death of Dr. Sharp, Archdeacon of Northumberland, to whoſe humane attention the charity at Bamborough Caſtle was eminently indebted for the great advantages, which it now affords. The preſent Biſhop of Durham, who is peculiarly diſtinguiſhed by unwearied exertions in the cauſe of charity, in the diſpoſal of the high preferment, which was enjoyed by Dr. Sharp, was particularly attentive to the future intereſts of this inſtitution.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

DEMON of ſtorms, who com'ſt tremendous forth,
Shrouded in clouds, dark-rolling from the North;
Whoſe winds with deſolating fury ſweep
The black tumultuous waters of the deep;
While to thy rage remorſeleſs are reſign'd
Proud man, and the rich ſtores of human kind:
From theſe tall towers, that on the rock ſublime
Defy the blaſt, nor heed the waſte of time,
Demon retire: here powerleſs ſwell thy waves;
Round Bamborough's ſhore thy whirlwind idly raves.

Here Charity from the dark midnight ſteep
Looks down upon the wild tempeſtuous deep.

The lonely rocks, the ſolitary ſhore,
And ocean's raging waters to explore;
To ſnatch the ſufferer ſinking in the waves,
Or lead him faint from cold and watery caves,
Is her divine employ: along the ſtrand
Her faithful miniſters of mercy ſtand;
While Death to diſtant regions ſpeeds away,
And ſeeks on gloomier coaſts his hapleſs prey.

Ye rocks romantic, that round Albion's ſhore
Tower high, and echo to the ocean's roar;
Ye hoary cliffs, which winds aſſail in vain,
And the loud thundering ſurges of the main;
'Tis yours the ſounds of deſperate grief to hear,
More ſad than ever reach the human ear;
To you the ſufferers, ſpent with anguiſh, ſigh,
When not a brother of the earth is nigh:
On your cold tops their fainting limbs are caſt;

Within your ſilent clefts they breathe their laſt;
In keeneſt grief they pour their dying groan;
And fall unwept, unpitied, and alone.

Full oft, when thunder burſts at midnight loud,
And the quick flaſh illumes the darkſome cloud;
When rending hurricanes the ocean ſweep,
And mountain-high aſcends the ſwelling deep;
Whirl'd by the raging ſea and madden'd ſky,
Midſt rocks and moving ſands whole navies fly;
Now pendent dread, as o'er a briny grave
Hang on the curl'd ridge of the whitening wave;
Now ſhooting down the watery precipice,
Sink, as for ever, in the wild abyſs:
While dark above impending floods ariſe,
And thundering billows burſt amid the ſkies,
In vain the needle points the northern ſky;
In vain the beacon hangs his lamp on high:

Ruin prevails: through every tatter'd ſhroud
The angry ſpirit of the ſtorm raves loud;
And oft amidſt the hollow ſounding wind,
The voice of paſſing Death appals the mind.

On drives the bark: at length the riſing rock
Stays their mid courſe, and gives the fatal ſhock.

And hark! in that ſad moment of deſpair,
Dread ſounds the burſting ſhriek that rends the air.
Then dire ſuſpenſe, and fearful ſilence reigns,
And the ſtroke vibrates through the ſhivering veins:
Aghaſt and motionleſs the victims ſtand;
Loud break the roaring billows on the ſtrand;
And through the bark, terrific to their eyes,
The ſlow-aſcending waters waſteful riſe;
While every ſound of man, that meets the ear,
Seems the laſt human accent they may hear.

'Twas in this elemental ſtriſe, this hour
Diſaſtrous, this diſplay of demon power,
When dying ſufferers every rock o'erſpread,
And each ſad wave came loaded with the dead;
That Thou, to whom thy Maker had aſſign'd
The ſacred taſk to ſolace human kind,
Went'ſt fearleſs forth to ſave. At thy command
Pain and Deſpondence left the dreary-ſtrand,
Deſcending Pity ſtay'd the fleeting breath,
And led the hopeleſs victim up from death.

How pure thy joy, within the breathleſs frame
To bring back heaving life's departed flame,
Hang o'er the ſpeechleſs ſufferer cold in death,
And ope again the vital fount of breath;
Bid the dull current of the ſtagnant blood
Flow on, and tranquil roll its purple flood;
The blue ſwoln cheek its bluſhing warmth renew,

The wildly-gazing eye-ball beam anew,
And all the fond affections now ſuppreſs'd
Ruſh warm and gladſome to the wakening breaſt!

Majeſtic pile! that from the rock's rough brow
Proudly o'erlook'ſt the watery world below;
Rear'd by the chiefs, who made the nations fall,
And led their conquering legions round the ball:
Though plumy helmets round thy halls were hung,
And ſpoils of kingdoms in thy courts were flung;
Though on thy towers the imperial Eagle ſhone,
And, ſeen o'er Cheviot, glitter'd to the ſun;
Chang'd is that pomp for ſcenes of pure delight,
Deeds of celeſtial kind, that bleſs the ſight;
Such deeds, as angel-forms might pleas'd behold,
Appear'd they, as on Eaſtern plains of old,
When, gueſts of man, their high commands they ſpoke,
By grove, or hallow'd ſtream, or ancient oak,

What time the tops of Ophrah's mountain blaz'd
By touch divine, and Gideon wondering gaz'd,
Or when from opening glories ſtreaming light
They ſhone at Mahanaim, heavenly bright.

Peace to his holy ſhade, whoſe gentle breaſt
Beneath this modeſt marble lies at reſt.
He, to the pining child of want and pain,
Or hopeleſs wanderer on the deathful main,
Sunk, as to pilgrims ſets the golden ſun
O'er the dark hill, ere half their courſe is run:
Tender the thought wak'd by this ſacred gloom,
And ſad the look that reſts upon his tomb.

For Charity, who ſeeks the lonely cells,
Where humble uncomplaining Miſery dwells;
Affection, to a brother's frailty blind;
And Love, whoſe boſom glows for all mankind;

And Pity, welcome to the mourner's eye,
As the bright bow hung in the ſtormy ſky;
And Grief, that never plains to human ears,
But wets the midnight pillow with her tears;
Theſe o'er his grave aerial vigils keep,
And bleſs the ſod, in which his aſhes ſleep.

He, who, like me, lone wandering on his way,
To cold Northumbria's barren hills may ſtray,
Short time ſhall pauſe, where on the wave-worn ſteep
Theſe aged towers o'erlook the cheerleſs deep,
And give his holy ſhade a paſſing prayer,
Who made the children of diſtreſs his care.

And oft on heathy Cheviot's diſtant hill,
When every gale that ſhakes the furze is ſtill;
When evening's yellow luſtre ſtreaming mild
Softens the bleak and ſolitary wild;

As the lone ſhepherd on the green moſs lies,
And idly gazes on the glowing ſkies;
His eye may wander to theſe ſpires, that gleam
Illumin'd by the ſun's departing beam,
And Pity's ſoft emotions touch his mind,
At thought of thee, thou friend of human kind.

At ſolemn midnight, when the bark ſhall ride
With ſtreaming pendants o'er the peaceful tide;
When trembling moon-beams play along the brine,
And ſtars round all the glowing welkin ſhine;
When, ſilent borne along, the whitening ſails
Swell with the ſummer's gently-breathing gales;
The Pilot, liſtening to the wave below,
Which hoarſely breaks againſt the paſſing prow,
Shall thoughtful turn, where dimly to his eyes
Through the pale night theſe mellow'd turrets riſe;
And, as he muſes on ſome friend moſt dear,

Rais'd by thy mercy from a watery bier,
Swelling at heart, ſhall o'er the tranquil wave
Give thee a ſigh, and bleſs thy hallow'd grave.

Spirit of love, in virtue's high career,
Call'd by thy God to grace a brighter ſphere,
Muſing thy worth, may we who toil behind,
And wander midſt the miſeries of mankind,
Not idly on the mouldering marble trace
Thy body's lineaments, thy outward grace;
But on the memory bear thy deeds impreſs'd,
And ſtamp thy awful virtues on the breaſt;
Not merely give thee to hiſtoric fame,
And bid the ſacred Muſe record thy name;
But be as Thou; and teach our hearts to glow
With pitying love for all who mourn below.

Sweet were the hope, that Charity's meek form

Here led by thee, to watch the midnight ſtorm,
Might glance her eye, and ſtretch her ſaving hand,
O'er every rock that frowns on Albion's ſtrand:
Where Cambria's cliffs, that climb the aerial way,
Shine mildly radiant to the ſetting day;
Where darkſome ſtorms, that ſhade the Atlantic deep,
Cornubia's bleak romantic ſummits ſweep;
And that dread coaſt, waſh'd by the ſouthern wave,
Full many a gallant Briton's timeleſs grave:
Or eaſtward, where the Iceni roam'd of yore,
The Moors that face Batavia's walled ſhore:
Or where, expanded o'er the marſhy ſtrand,
The ſea-like Humber rolls o'er waſtes of ſand.

So, reft of power to harm, round Albion's ſhore
May whirlwinds wildly ſweep, and billows roar:
So, while the ſun, rejoicing in his might,
And ſcattering the dark tempeſts of the night,

Shall, like a God, aſcend the eaſtern ſteep,
And ſhed his dazzling radiance o'er the deep,
Nor rock nor cavern ſhall his orb illume,
Where ſuffering man untended waits his doom;
Nor o'er the billowy waſte with corſes ſpread,
His beams, the glory of the world, be ſhed.

THE END.

Lately published by the same Author,

The Divine Origin of Prophecy illustrated and defended, in a Course of Sermons preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1800, at the Lecture founded by JOHN BAMPTON, M. A. Price in boards 6s.

This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below.

REMINGTON RAND INC. 20 213 (533)

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 079 646 6

PR
5225
R38A17
v.2